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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

VOL. 17 JANUARY 1984 NO. 1

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Lewis Lehrman: A New Conservatism

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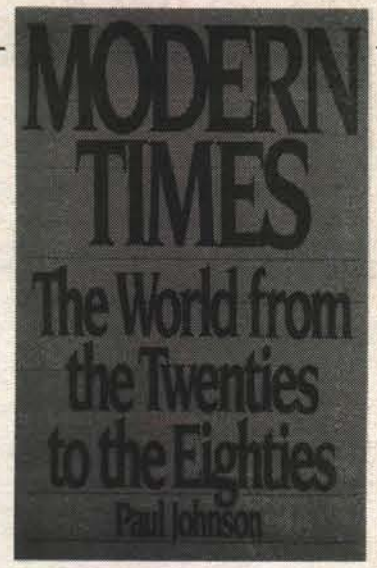

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How do you score on men and events?

Fill in the blanks with the people Paul Johnson is referring to:

"The _____ invasion [of Washington], one visiting statesman observed, was 'like watching the Borgia brothers take over a respectable north Italian town'." (Page 614)

"In the atomic field Soviet agents included Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, Morton Sobell, David Greenglass, Harry Gold, _____ (alias Alexander Stevens), to whom Whittaker Chambers acted as courier, and Jacob Golos, as well as Klaus Fuchs, who had been cleared by British security." (Page 458)

"Yet _____ was not a statist. He said he was against any attempt 'to smuggle fascism into America through the back door'. On many issues he was a liberal....He did not make anti-Semitic jokes, like Woodrow Wilson and his wife or Franklin Roosevelt. To a very wide spectrum of educated American opinion, he was the leading American public man..." (Page 243)

History Without Tears

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Volume 17, Number 1, January 1984

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The American Spectator was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it *The Alternative: An American Spectator*; but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name. *The American Spectator* is now published monthly at 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana. Second class postage paid at Bloomington, IN, and additional mailing offices.

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CONTENTS

Who's Behind the Rosenbergs? .....Robert Bernstein 12
Not all their friends live in Moscow.

The Derationalized Zone .....Benjamin J. Stein 14
Shine it on, L.A.

Sidney Hook: Fifty Years of Anti-Communism.....Stephen Miller 18
Can the essays of a Cold Warrior be worth much? Or should one stick with Edmund Wilson?

Stanley Karnow's Vietnam.....Doan Van Toai and David Chanoff 21
Two cheers for our side.

The Tourist Menace .....Ernest van den Haag 24
Suddenly, last summer.

DEPARTMENTS

The Continuing Crisis 6
Correspondence 7
Editorials / Thatcher Lets Us Down / Don't Shoot.....
.....R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 8
Capitol Ideas / Entrail Reading.....Tom Bethell 9
Presswatch / Fools for Grenada .....Fred Barnes 27
The Nation's Pulse / A New Conservatism.....Lewis Lehrman 28
Among the Intellectualoids / Guilt Trip .....Charlotte Hays 30
Politique Internationale / Katis vs. Eleni.....Taki 33
The Talkies / The Right Fluff .....Martha Bayles 34
Spectator's Journal / The Liberals' Halfway House .....
.....Richard Vigilante 48
Current Wisdom .....Assorted Jackasses 51

BOOK REVIEWS

The Politics at God's Funeral, by Michael Harrington.....
.....Mary Tedeschi 36
Writers in Russia: 1917-1978, by Max Hayward, edited and introduced by Patricia Blake .....Herb Greer 37
The Middle of My Tether: Familiar Essays, by Joseph Epstein ....
.....Mark Lilla 39
Monimbo, by Robert Moss and Arnaud de Borchgrave .....
.....Roger Kaplan 40
The Whys of a Philosophical Scrivener, by Martin Gardner.....
.....William H. Nolte 42
White Mischief: The Murder of Lord Erroll, by James Fox.....
.....George P. McCartney 43
Earl Warren : A Public Life, by G. Edward White, and *Inside the Warren Court,* by Bernard Schwartz and Stephan Lesher .....
.....Edward J. Erler 44

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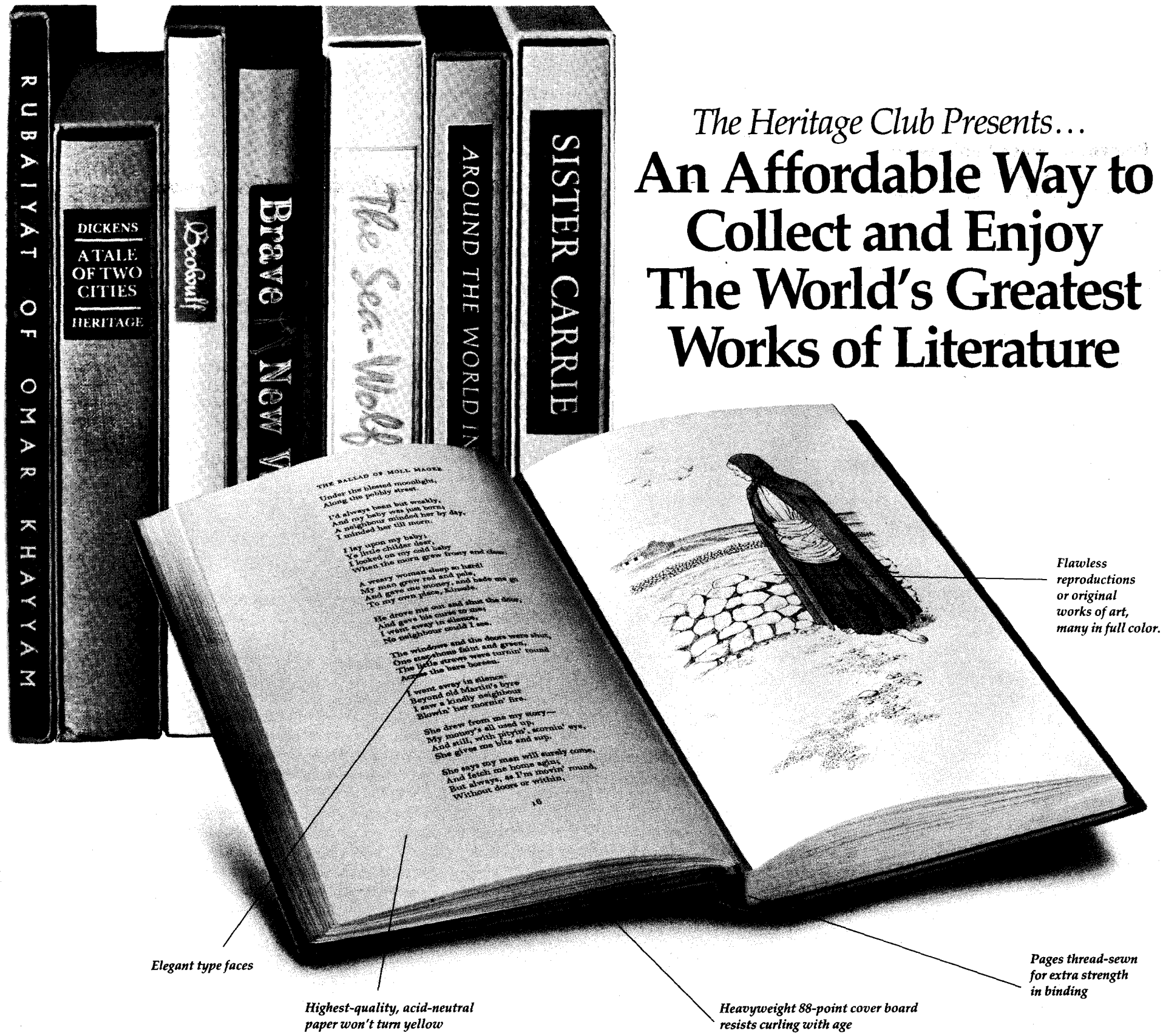
RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM
DICKENS
A TALE OF TWO CITIES
HERITAGE
Beowulf
Brave New World
The Scarlet Letter
AROUND THE WORLD IN
SISTER CARRIE
THE BALLAD OF MOLL MAGEE
Under the blessed moonlight,
Along the pebbly street,
I'd always been but weakly,
And my baby was just born,
A neighbour minded her by day,
I minded her till morn.
I lay upon my bairn,
Ye little chilcer dear,
I looked on my cold baby
When the morn grew frowy and clear.
A weary woman deep in hatid!
My man grew red and rude,
And gave me money, and bade me go
To my own place, Kinsale.
He drove me out and shut the door,
And gave his curse to me,
I went away in silence,
No neighbour could I see.
The windows and the doors were shut,
One star-thane faint and green,
The little straws were turnin' round
Across the bare hearthstone.
I went away in silence:
Beyond old Martin's byre
I saw a kindly neighbour
Blowin' her mornin' fire.
She drew from me my story—
My money's all used up,
And still, with pityin' scornin' eye,
She gives me bite and sup.
She says my man will surely come,
And fetch me home again,
But always, as I'm movin' round,
Without doors or within,
16

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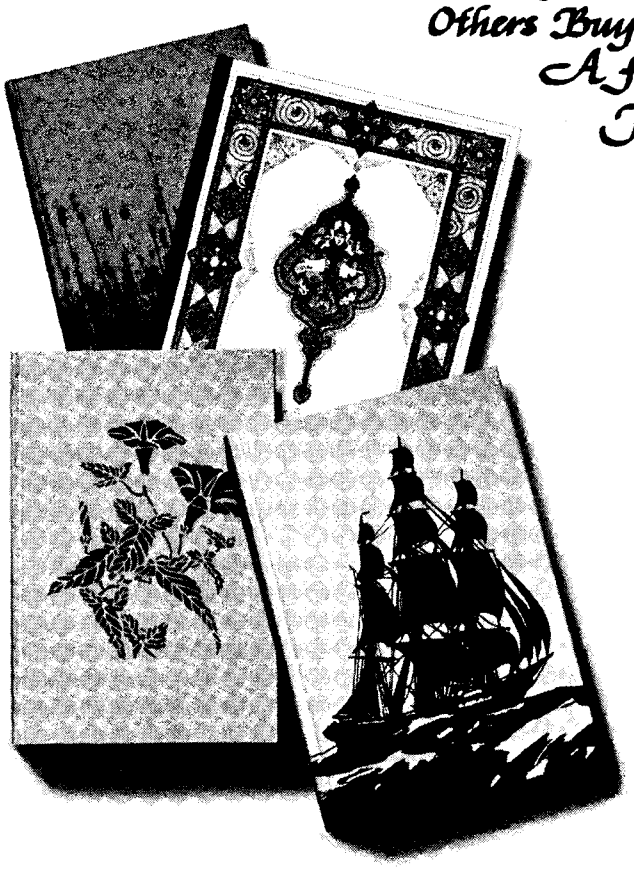

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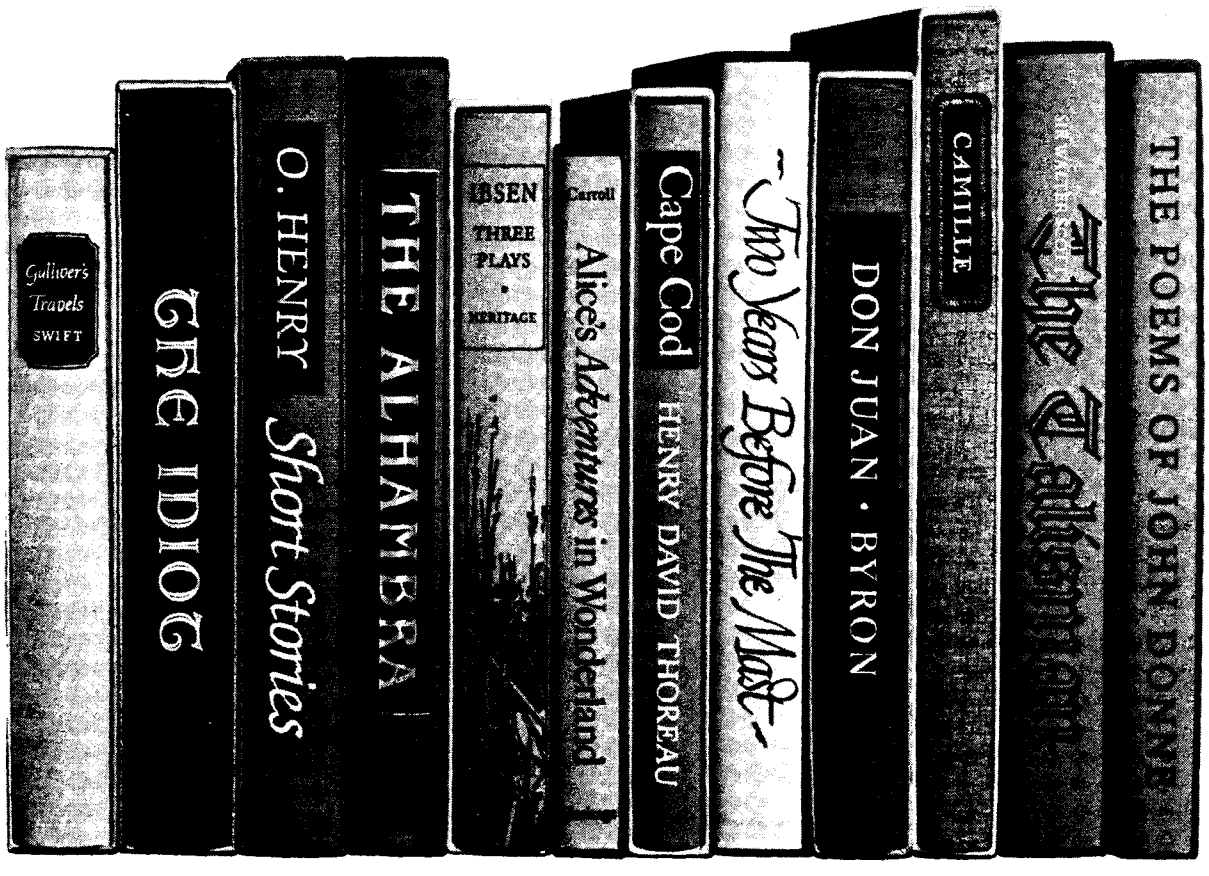

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•November passes, and once again our friends the Liberals show us what they are made of, in the main: high-grade rubber, the kind that can be stretched into almost anything. On November 21 ABC broadcast "The Day After," a soap opera about nuclear holocaust, and the Liberals were ebullient, publicizing the great event as widely as possible, encouraging "discussion" of its doltish message—which is to say reiterating its message—in schools, churches, the emergency rooms of hospitals, wherever a propagandist can get a foot in the door. Then they set up counseling sessions for those who cracked under the strain. Think of it. Here we have the very same people who remonstrate with us about the media's unwholesome violence, and, in furtherance of one of their Liberal mysteries, they blow up the entire world and maudlinly dramatize the ghastly aftermath. Then they blame Ronald Reagan for forcing us to live in fear. Actually our genial President has confounded his opponents once again, for a *Washington Post* poll of viewers showed their fear of nuclear holocaust to have diminished and their support of the President to have increased by two points to a robust 65 percent.

•In Stockton, California a storehouse containing five million pounds of walnuts exploded causing more than $2 million in damage to the Diamond Walnut Growers' plant and sending authorities scrambling to their Korans to investigate whether walnuts may be *haram* according to the Islamic whoop whoop, thus explaining the blast's mysterious origins. Bizarre sexual practices continue to lend charm to life in greater Baltimore. On November 16, FBI agents nabbed a 49-year-old man and his two sons in connection with the theft of $267,000 worth of bull semen, which an FBI spokesman asserted is just the tip of the iceberg. Apparently hundreds of tanks of frozen semen have changed hands since concern arose about Herpes Simplex #2 and AIDS, the emissions of one dairy bull named Round Oak Rag Apple Elevation having become particularly esteemed. The *Washington Post* reported that those 70 carpenter ants flown aboard the space shuttle *Challenger* last June died of dehydration hours before take off; an annoyance rarely experienced even on US-AIR. The ants were the victims of would-be scientists or sadists from Camden and Woodrow Wilson high schools in Camden, New Jersey, the site of the oldest steel pen company in the United States and obviously a very feeble insect rights movement.

•Pretty Miss Jennifer McCormick is back in the news. Miss McCormick is the Nassau County, New York policewoman who made Nassau County history last summer when she emerged from the operating room as officer Jennifer rather than officer Joe, her identity before the surgeons drew their scalpels. Yet her sexual metamorphosis was not without bugs, for now Jennifer stands accused of having fired her service revolver at a bartender in the elegant Holiday Inn at Rockville Centre during a debate over the price of a $3-glass of scotch—not a very ladylike deed, though admittedly she only grazed him. In Montreal, Canada Mr. André Coté, the antiwar artist, used a crane to dump a five-ton "screaming sculpture" in front of the courthouse where it emitted the sound of diving Stuka bombers, gunfire, and old Hitler speeches, until officials finally shut it down. "They can't turn it off immediately," crowed the triumphant artist, "to stop it, you have to lift it." The African Football Federation has banned Stationery Stores, one of Nigeria's most redoubtable teams, from all African competition for three years and closed the team's stadium until April 1984 in response to a riot by fans who accused a visiting goalkeeper of using magic. The offending goalkeeper was beaten up by ball boys and supporters whose sense of fair play was aroused when they spotted him burying a "juju" behind his net.

•Soviet medicine suffered another black eye on November 7 when Soviet leader Mr. Yuri V. Andropov failed to appear atop the Lenin Mausoleum with the rest of the progressives during the annual Revolution Day parade in downtown Moscow. A pother of speculation has ensued among Kremlinologists, all of whom have apparently abandoned their elated predictions of liberality from the former KGB head; for none now suggests that Mr. Andropov stayed home in protest of the parade's militarism or to do some gourmet cooking with the wife and kids. Rather, the wise money now wagers that he is about to become a ghost. The promising political career of Mr. Carl "Butch" Baloney suffered obnubilation and worse in Louisiana when it was discovered that the carefree Baloney had voted twice in 1982. In Cincinnati, Mr. Joseph C. Mueller, the bibulous jogger charged with having been "under the influence of alcohol and a roadway hazard," was acquitted; but harsh justice prevailed in Seattle where U.S. District Judge John Coughenour decided that ordering Mr. Hughes Bagley to serve parole in Iowa with his parents does not constitute "cruel and unusual punishment," though the Judge has never met Mr. Bagley's parents or lived in Iowa. Mr. Bagley, who has been known in Seattle as the "cat man" ever since he decided enough was enough and strangled his girlfriend's cat, was paroled in November 1981 with the condition that he live with his parents and not leave the federal judicial district of northern Iowa until 1994, even during hayfever season. In New York City Nellie Nickerson, the human dinkelspiel, died, and in Boston minutes after Governor Michael S. Dukakis signed a bill providing $2 million in emergency assistance for the needy and after Senate Ways and Means Chairman Chester Atkins told the signing ceremony that "Massachusetts has a shocking level of chronic malnutrition," the bill's supporters popped open bottles of what the *Boston Herald* described as "fancy champagne" accompanying "a big celebration cake."

•In religious news music lovers owe an enormous debt to the Rev. Thomas Woerth of St. Joseph's Catholic Church in Fort Collins, Colorado, who finally heaved a lady tambourine player down a flight of stairs when her nonsensical flailing at 5:15 mass became unendurable. There must be hundreds more such pests in the Republic, perhaps thousands, and it is time that more men of the cloth follow the Rev. Woerth's example. I suggest small donations be sent to him now, for he has been charged with third-degree misdemeanor assault. In Lincroft, New Jersey a 5-foot-2, 600-pound medicine man, Chief Wise Owl, appeared just before Thanksgiving at the local hypnotism clinic vowing to lose 160 pounds because "it's hard to get girlfriends when you're as

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large as me." Yet do-gooders were unimpressed and once again attempted to spoil Thanksgiving dinner for the rest of us by droning on about the woebegone American Indians' penurious lives. Seven members of the House of Representatives asked the House to impeach the President owing to the continued presence in Grenada of his fact-finding mission (see the accompanying picture). And Mr. Roscoe R. Nix, identified by the venerable *Washington Post* as "the normally mildmannered president of the Montgomery County chapter of the NAACP," became cacelocutionist of the month when he declared that the public's opposition to a county ban on South African wine "proves what many of us in the black community already know: That affluent, racist rodents who live in Bethesda, Chevy Chase, and Rockville are more a threat . . . than the Ku Klux Klan and the Nazi Party. They may wear Brooks Brothers suits. . . . But they are very dangerous to Montgomery County's racial climate. The community must recognize this danger and seek to quarantine it." The Rev. Jesse Jackson's vice presidential candidate has been found! *—RET*

CORRESPONDENCE

Supply-Side Reality

The question you raise in your November 1983 Symposium—"Is Supply-Side Economics Dead?"—has a very simple answer. No.

Currently, the United States is experiencing an economic recovery so strong that it exceeds the 1961 record recovery. In fact, the growth in real GNP for the third quarter of 1983 was at an annualized rate of 7.9 percent. The inflation rate for the last 12 months was less than 3 percent. And, thanks to the recovery, significantly lower inflation, and the personal tax rate reductions, working Americans are keeping more and more of their personal income. It is clear that supply-side economics—which never promised instant miracles—is working.

Although the federal deficits are large and alarming, it is important to keep them in perspective. As Dr. Alan Reynolds points out in his commentary on supply-side economics, federal borrowing in the first two quarters of the recovery this year *fell* from 33 to 21 percent of private savings. But, even with good news, deficits must be reduced. The real problem is federal spending. Through sustained economic growth—the sort we have now—and less government spending, we can get the deficits under control.

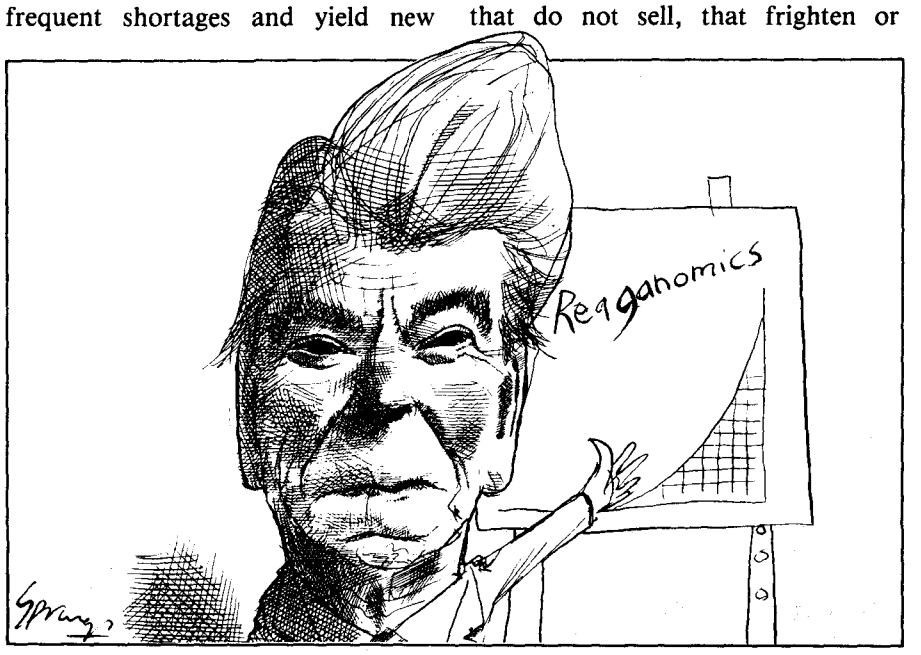
The original application of supply-side economics—sometimes called Reaganomics—proposed lower marginal tax rates, less government spending, fewer government regulations, and a stable monetary policy. We may not have gone far enough in implementing some of these provisions—such as less government spending and a stable monetary policy—but what we have done is working. Whether you call it Supply-Side Economics, Reaganomics, neo-classical economic theory, or just plain old common sense economics, it works. It always has. These are not failed economic policies. Our only failure is in only going half the way. We have made a great start, and at this point, it does not make sense to give up. *—Robert W. Kasten, Jr.*
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

Just finished reading your monumental symposium on Supply-Side Economics. This is a great work and important. I congratulate you and your journal.

—A.L. Raimi
Southfield, Michigan

The distinguished contributors to November's *TAS* forum cannot agree what the supply side is: a) keystone of the economics of growth; b) an invalid assertion that a large across the board reduction of individual income taxes in an economy of continental size will probably result in an increase in revenue, or at least an increase in total revenue plus saving; c) an approach to strengthening the private enterprise system which features: 1) steady moderated expansion in the money supply and a contraction of the public sector, including social spending; 2) a belief that technology will overcome frequent shortages and yield new resources; 3) a rejection of income redistribution; and 4) a rejection of the policies of promoting sunrise and executing sunset industries under federal aegis and of retraining people to function more effectively in the economy; d) an idea too sublime to be appreciated by the liberal left or the media. Small wonder Representative Kemp can report "We are all supply-siders now"—er, except for Professor Stein.

This talk of supply-side economics can and will produce no intelligent vision of the social and economic future. The Say's Law version of supply-side, advocated by George Gilder and Professor Galbraith, holds that there are two basic classes: producers and consumers of goods. Political and economic elites experiment creatively in the production of goods and services which will satisfy the inchoate needs and wants of consumers. Consumers can only react to and ratify elite creativity (Gilder, *Wealth and Poverty*, p. 53). This doctrine is misleading. People both produce and consume individually, in families, and in institutions. Likewise, they borrow and lend. Often, producers bring forth products that do not sell, that frighten or threaten to trap people into patterns of consumption which they reject: J-cars, nuclear power plants, $40-per-barrel synthetic fuels. If lenders do not offer money at affordable rates, and people refuse to "save" at institutions that can offer lower rates, then commerce will die. Money can be left in the hands of elites, on the theory that they will invest it creatively; but these elites also speculate on the markets for stocks, commodities, and art. When money circulates among the elites, many of the masses will remain unemployed, not benefiting at all from elite "creativity."



Every supply-side school offers parallel fallacies. The anti-redistributionist version protects *capitalist* incentives. It does not inquire into the need for incentives to care for parents or progeny, handicapped kin, or indigent friends. The anti-redistributionists omit that social security goes to the retired, who are often bedridden and senile, and who face incessant and inordinate demands to pay for medical care and nursing service. Endless talk about incentives is largely irrelevant to the realities of American civic life: more than a third of children born out of wedlock in several major cities; and more than that face the prospect of maturing in incomplete homes. What incentives have these youngsters to learn, if their lot is to be consumers, or workers in enterprise zones where the pay is below minimum wage; and if their parents drift from public assistance to low wage jobs and back again?

The pro-growth version of supply-side economics touts the need for investments and for miracles of production, like the development of new resources through technology. It fails to inquire whether actual patterns of investment and speculation—heavily in petroleum production and exploration,

(continued on page 46)

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EDITORIALS

THATCHER LETS US DOWN

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

The next time the British Broadcasting Corporation calls me in search of sweet music from a Yank critical of Irish-American support of the IRA or of some IRA atrocity my transatlantic caller better hope that I took *cum grano salis* Prime Minister Thatcher's criticism of our liberation of Grenada. It is a criticism that her own vehemence has transformed from imprudence into insolence, as American bodybags are returned home, mountains of Iron-Curtain weaponry are recovered, and our other NATO allies quietly reassess their earlier ill-advised pique. Her Majesty's government may view with equanimity the nature of the regimes bordering our sea routes from the Panama Canal and the Gulf of Mexico, but Americans do not have this luxury. Nor, truth be known, do our British friends. If the NATO alliance is ever at war the bulk of our military shipments to Europe will come out of the Gulf of Mexico either between Key West and Cuba or between Cuba and the Yucatan Peninsula.

Some Europeans seem to have adopted the axiom that the farther removed one is from Marxist terrorism 1) the more fastidious one can become about international law and "world opinion," 2) the more studiously one can indulge demented comparisons between the U.S. in Grenada and the USSR's purveyors of "yellow rain" in Afghanistan, and 3) the more exuberantly one can play the role of greasepaint moralizer before the UN General Assembly whose plumed delegates for the most part represent despotisms practicing varying degrees of inhumanity. Yet let the Soviets menace Western Europe or let Soviet surrogates menace European interests in Africa or the Middle East and the United States had better clear the decks for action.

A year and a half ago, when Prime Minister Thatcher disturbed "world opinion" and American relations with Latin America by sending the fleet thousands of miles away to defend something as impalpable as principle, we were her loyal allies; though it meant bearing far more grievous diplomatic costs for us in Latin America than she would have had to bear for supporting us in Grenada, and though a Marxist stronghold there is far more dangerous to the security of both the United States and Britain than Argentine control of the Falklands.

Domestically Prime Minister Thatcher has never been stronger. If she could not support our action at least she could have been reticent rather than complicitous in the dubious pronouncements of her gaseous foreign secretary, Sir Geoffrey Howe, whose fatuous pronouncement was "A change of government is not in itself sufficient reason to justify invasion by one country of another." Invasion is not the way Grenada's Governor-General Sir Paul Scoon saw our action as we released him from virtual house arrest; and Mr. Alister Hughes, Grenada's most respected journalist, said, "I don't regard the United States action as an invasion. It was a rescue mission." He also said, "Thank God the Americans came."

In the event that the BBC calls me, say, after an IRA takeover in Belfast, I hope our British friends will not consider it irresponsible of me to reiterate Sir Geoffrey's elegant principle. Does Sir Geoffrey consider a putsch led by "General" Hudson Austin, a former prison guard, acceptable constitutional process? Now I understand how difficult it has always been for the British upper class to recognize the nature of Hitlerism and Stalinism.

Last month an American school boy, speaking with understandable innocence of the Grenadians who came to power by murdering Prime Minister Maurice Bishop, lamented that it was "mean of us to take their country." His nine-year-old playmate's rejoinder could have been read on the floor of Parliament, and by Churchill: "The week before it wasn't their country."

Such clarity of mind is rare among elites on either side of the Atlantic, but Peregrine Worsthorne of London's *Sunday Telegraph* insisted that ordinary citizens here and in Britain understand our mission and approve. He proceeded to rebuke Prime Minister Thatcher with refreshing lines: "It is not so much what America has done in the East Caribbean . . . which is placing a strain on the Alliance as what Britain failed to do. For weeks it has been plain that the bloody disorders in Grenada had reached an Idi Amin stage about which something ought to be done, in the interest of the region as a whole." In his Sunday column he reminded readers that "the United States is not paranoid about Cuba. That country did once invite Russian missiles in, and very well might allow Grenada to be used for the same purpose. Nobody concerned with averting thermonuclear war can possibly fail to regard that possibility with anything else but total horror." Obviously last month Mrs. Thatcher did not speak for all Britain. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

DON'T SHOOT

Cease fire! I surrender. For over two weeks last month my fellow Americans and I were targets of strenuous assaults from the Believers. More brutal than chemical and biological warfare, theirs was media warfare, and they waged it against us with the objective of turning us into pious adherents to the Kennedy legend.

Why were they doing this to us? I never had any deep animus against our Thirty-fifth President. He was a very amusing swell who wanted very much to live in the White House. I like swells. Eloquent elaboration on the fun he had would have been sufficient to win my heart. Instead America had to endure the humbug all over again: how he beguiled those of stony heart, grew in office, took on god-like qualities as a peacemaker, good samaritan, and espouser of whatever goody-goody causes are currently in the air. JFK the feminist, the advocate

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of homosexual rights, no-nuke JFK champion of the nuclear freeze and holistic medicine—doubtless many of the Believers now at work have spied evidence of all these good causes in John F. Kennedy's brief presidency.

Why were these rhapsodies being composed? Nations need legends. Consider what was done with Daniel Boone, a man who rarely changed his linen or came in from the rain. Then, too, ideologues need exemplars. At the conclusion of an encomiastic column on Kennedy last month Anthony Lewis adroitly shifted from bouquets to an invidious comparison of the illusory Kennedy with the present reality: "We have a President now who shows no sensitivity to the nuclear danger, who seeks to provoke paranoia about communism—who in his third year of office has learned nothing."

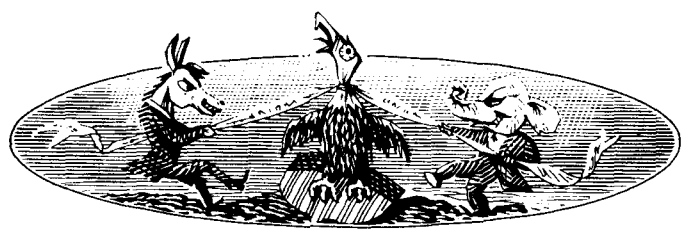
All this is quite untrue, as is the claim that Kennedy at some point in his presidency turned resolutely from Cold War bellicosity to conciliation. He was always ardently anti-Communist; also, alas, he was erratic. From his bravura inaugural address to the day of his death he persisted in mixing high-minded aspirations to reason and sobriety with magniloquent pep talks exhorting America to defend the "frontiers of freedom" everywhere. The keepers of the Kennedy Legend may have the poetry, but I have the quotes right from the Legend's mouth.

The Anthony Lewises of this world last month were quoting the conciliatory passages of Kennedy's June 1963 speech at American University. They did not quote those later speeches wherein Kennedy slipped back into that weird oratorical style that charmed the romantics in America but set off alarm in the cocos of the Kremlin's paranoiacs.

"You must wonder when it is all going to end, and when we can come back home," Kennedy said, exhorting a cringing audience, suspected, quite possibly, of shilly-shallying in its defense of "frontiers of freedom." "Well, it isn't going to end, . . . because what happens in Europe or Latin America or Africa directly affects the security of the people who live in this city, and particularly those who are coming after."

(continued on page 46)

CAPITOL IDEAS



ENTRAIL READING

by Tom Bethell

It seems odd that the press, which prides itself on taking such an adversarial view of life, should not only be uncritical of pollsters but actually be in bed with them—hiring them and publicizing their often absurd findings on the front pages of the newspapers. It would be interesting and instructive to make a list (it would be a long one) of all the other institutions that the "adversary press" regards with equanimity, indeed encouragement, but today let's stick to the polls.

I think that most people of independent mind suspect there is something vaguely fraudulent about polling—that there is some sleight of hand involved, some mystification of which the pollsters themselves may not be fully aware. And we recognize that our vision is somehow obscured by "science," by the pollsters' claim to be saying things "with 95 percent certainty that the results are within plus or minus 3 percentage points of what they would have been if the entire population had been polled." That bit of Lou Harris window-dressing exactly corresponds to the magician's patter, designed to distract you at the psychological moment.

George Gilder has called polling the modern equivalent of entrail reading, which may not be too far off the mark. Not that I know anything about the techniques of entrail readers, but of course we recognize today that the precise methodology is irrelevant. What we can be sure of is that the entrail readers were able to make things come out the way their bosses wanted: The course of action "indicated" by the disposition of the entrails would certainly have been consistent with prevailing court wisdom.

The same is true of today's fashionable pollsters. The "public opinion" that they purport to measure closely corresponds to conventional media opinion. This is not even particularly surprising. If you want to become a "nationally recognized" pollster (and bear in mind that there are plenty of nationally unrecognized pollsters) then your best bet is to frame the questions in such a way as to ensure that your findings are approved of, and thus quoted, by the major newspapers. Such findings will be called "scientific," they will be accorded the status of news, and in time you may even be called "respected." It is my impression that all these alleged measurements of public opinion are ultimately intended to influence public policy by reassuring elected officials that it is safe to implement the liberal agenda because it is desired by a majority of Americans.

Here, for example, are some of the things that the Harris Survey found out about the American people in 1983. They oppose the re-election of Ronald Reagan (or they did in August). They oppose his policy in Central America, even though another and intriguing poll by the *New York Times*—an unusual one in that it sought information rather than "opinion"—demonstrated conclusively that the American people do not know what side the U.S. is on in Nicaragua and El Salvador. They are opposed to business and "conservative" political action committees, but they support (surprise) "pro-environmental" PACs. They were not asked about liberal ones.

Lou Harris has also found this year that Americans are opposed to the MX missile, just as they oppose a potential laser-beam defense against enemy missiles. They favored a cap on the third year of the income tax cut. They oppose indexing the tax brackets to inflation. They support wage-and-price controls. They are not convinced that the Communist threat in El Salvador and Nicaragua "is worth the risk of

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator's *Washington correspondent.*

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American involvement." (But the statement with which respondents were asked to agree or not was: "The communist threat in El Salvador and Nicaragua is so serious that we must accept any allies there even if they are military dictators or represent rich and powerful interests in those countries.")

On the shooting down of KAL 007, Americans support Reagan "more for what he did not do than for what he did," a conclusion directly contradicted by Harris's own data. Americans oppose a bigger defense budget, and, finally, "a record high 62% of Americans have expressed sad and bitter alienation toward those running society and feel powerless to do anything about it."

Do you really believe that a majority of Americans feel that way? If you do then there may be an entrail-reading job waiting for you, and you will no doubt be good at it, too, because your patter will be convincing.

Harris's question on the income-tax cap went like this:

> Beginning in July, everyone who pays federal income tax is scheduled to get a ten percent cut in their federal tax rate. This means that those in higher income brackets of $50,000 and above get a much bigger tax cut than everybody else. A person making $100,000, for example, would get a tax cut this July of about $1,500. Democrats in Congress propose that no one get a tax cut above $700, because they feel it is unfair to have the rich benefit so much more than everybody else. Do you favor or oppose putting a $700 limit on the tax cut anyone can get on July 1? (Favor: 66%. Oppose: 30%. Not sure: 4%.)

The question is fiscally illiterate, to start with. The tax one pays, and thus one's "tax cut," depends not on how much one "makes" but on one's taxable income. People earning $100,000 a year could be in tax shelters and paying little or no income tax. (For example, a certain well-known conservative columnist who regularly tells us that we are undertaxed has used such a shelter, and I'm sure he earns more than $100,000.)

Worse, the question is calculated to stir up resentment, suggesting that "the rich" (those earning $50,000 a year now qualify for this label, even though they might well not qualify for a mortgage!) will "benefit" from a change that merely diminishes the unequal treatment of Americans. Imagine that there are two prisoners, one receiving 100 lashes a day and the other only ten. A benign ruler then suggests a "ten percent cut" in their rate of punishment. Lou Harris, you can be sure, would be there to hint that the former prisoner would unfairly "benefit" from such a change.

Harris's envy-inciting question on the tax cut could easily have been rewritten to elicit a response favorable to tax cutting, e.g., by pointing out that high rates drive "the rich" into shelters, so lowering such rates will induce them to "shoulder a greater portion of the tax burden." But the question never will be asked this way because Harris is quite obviously in the business of representing "public opinion" as favoring the left-liberal agenda. If the bias in his questions were random I would not say this, but it is consistent. There is a clear "pattern of discrimination" in favor of leftist ideology, whether Harris himself knows it or not.

Pollsters and media have also persuaded official Washington that "public opinion" favors the Equal Rights Amendment; polls show a consistent majority over 60 percent in favor of the ERA. But we are rarely given the contradictory evidence. Statewide ERA's have been rejected by voters in Iowa, New York, New Jersey, Florida, Nevada, and Wisconsin, despite preceding polls indicating support for the measure. In other words, people don't necessarily tell the truth in polls. (Following Tom Bradley's recent gubernatorial defeat

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in California—the polls said he would win—pollsters have belatedly acknowledged this obvious point.)

But there is a more pervasive problem. In cases such as the ERA people may consciously disguise their opinions. (Out of "chivalry," says Gilder; "sexism" say the feminists.) More frequently, however, people do not have the slightest idea what their "opinion" is on the issue that has been raised. In such cases, and they are the rule rather than the exception, "public opinion" is something that is manufactured rather than measured. People will only rarely say they don't know anything about the subject, or have no opinion on it. *Precisely because their opinion has been sought, they believe that they ought to have such an opinion.* I mean, someone has gone to all this trouble to phone them up! And as I know from my own experience of being polled, your first reaction tends to be something like this: ". . . this guy has my phone number . . . perhaps he has my name. . . ." I am assured the numbers are randomly dialed, but people don't know that.

Uneasy feelings like this flit half-consciously through your mind. You do not have the sense that your opinions are being *measured* as a part of a larger, scientific exercise. You experience the pollster's inquiry as an *examination,* a multiple-choice test in which one of the responses is correct, enabling you to "pass" some unstated but dimly sensed test of good citizenship and sound values.

Precisely because the respondent has no real knowledge or opinion about the subject that has been raised, he is highly susceptible to the "leading of the witness" that is contained in the question. In fact he will seize gratefully upon such clues, because he will be ashamed to admit his ignorance. Pollsters essentially capitalize on this sense of shame, themselves shamelessly leading respondents out of the panicky mental cul-de-sac they find themselves in when questioned out of the blue about Anne Gorsuch (has she "failed to press charges against known violators of anti-pollution standards?"), Pentagon procurement policy ("waste at the Pentagon"), or federal deficits ("leading to high interest rates"). This safe conduct into the haven of responsible citizenship, sound value structure, and media approval is done by wording the question in such a way as to nudge the alert but nevertheless tractable respondent down the path that seems to promise least criticism or eyebrow raising on the part of the examining pollster.

In January 1983, for example, the Harris Survey reported that a sizable majority of Americans believe that excessive campaign spending is "a very serious problem." The question was: "Do you feel that excessive campaign spending is a very serious problem?" The correct answer to that question is yes, and it was furnished by 84 percent of those polled. Lou Harris is no doubt correct to say that 84 percent "of all Americans" would have given the same reply. But there are probably not more than a couple of hundred, or maybe at the outside a couple of thousand, people in America who have any idea whether current campaign spending in America is "excessive" or not. Elizabeth Drew of the *New Yorker* evidently thinks it is, and my guess is that Mr. Harris would like to reassure her that she is not alone.

I tell you, gentlemen, this whole polling business verges on the scandalous, and it is doubly deplorable that the news media, who pride themselves on their skeptical, tough-minded attitude toward "press release journalism," not only print the pollsters' press releases uncritically, but are increasingly involved in orchestrating and conducting their own polls. □

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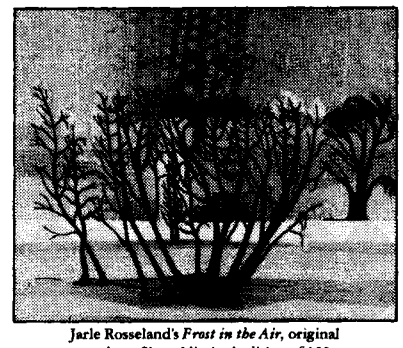

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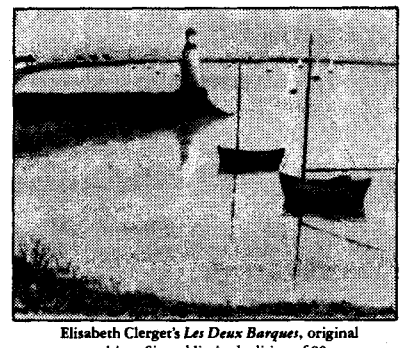

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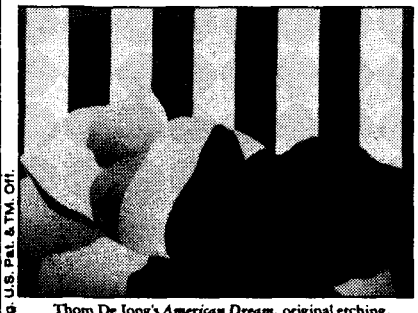

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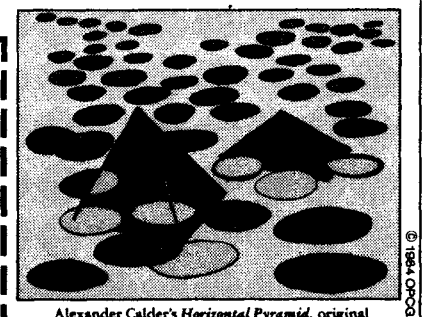

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Robert Bernstein

WHO'S BEHIND THE ROSENBERGS?

Not all their friends live in Moscow.

A few days after the whereabouts of two engineers closely linked to Julius Rosenberg, the late Alfred Sarant and Joel Barr, was confirmed by the *New York Times* to be the Soviet Union, where Sarant had worked for the KGB in developing Soviet military computers, a debate was held in New York's Town Hall October 20 on the subject, "Were the Rosenbergs Framed?" The participants were Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton, authors of the new book *The Rosenberg File,* which definitively established the guilt of the Rosenbergs, and the pro-Rosenberg authors (*Invitation to an Inquest*) Miriam and Walter Schneir, who believe the Rosenbergs victims of a government conspiracy. Sol Stern, originally Radosh's co-author, joined Radosh and Milton on the podium. The debate was jointly sponsored by the *New Republic* and the *Nation,* two publications whose current sharp editorial divergence symbolizes the erosion of what was once a left-liberal center: The *New Republic* takes an anti-Communist line, while the *Nation* seems more dogmatically pro-Communist under its current management than it did in its Popular Front days.

The audience, overwhelmingly pro-Rosenberg, did not bother to listen much during the Radosh and Milton presentations. It had already been explained to them in *Our Right To Know,* the publication of the "Fund for Open Information and Accountability" (an organization that includes one of the Rosenberg sons, Michael Meeropol), that "the government, the FBI, and the capitalist class that they serve have in Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton two defenders of their position . . . " and that their book "conforms to age-old anti-Semitic stereotypes of Jews as disloyal and greedy" and is "a vehicle to advance the revival of the Cold War." They kept up a loud patter when the Radosh team was speaking.

The volatile nature of the proceedings, punctuated by occasional outbursts of fury from individuals in the audience virtually on the brink of some kind of breakdown, pointed up the essential fact of the evening: With the dissolution of ideological belief on the totalitarian Left, this case is all that is left. Not a framework of belief, not a series of issues (even safe ones, like civil rights), but Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, Inc. In their unbelief, they have broken with the inevitability of history and come down on the side of emotion and individualism: Julius and Ethel. And they are not only the old-timers and the Rosenberg children. Certainly there were many senior citizens, many canes and crutches. But there were also many shining young faces, and Victor S. Navasky, editor of the *Nation,* described to me by a novelist as looking like "a combination of Santa Claus and Don Corleone"; the *Village Voice* types; and many newcomers who have swallowed the line of American evil, embodied by what America did to the Rosenbergs.

Then there are Walter and Miriam Schneir, also a younger middle-aged couple, who have inherited the mantle of Rosenberg defenders. The Schneirs come on as relatively recent, non-ideological converts to the cause. Those in the audience under thirty cannot know whence the Schneirs came.

Let's take the ruminations of one of their antecedents, writing in 1937 about the Moscow purge trials: D.N. Pritt, British Barrister and King's Counselor:

> It was, moreover, obvious to anyone who watched the proceedings in court that the confessions as made orally in court could not possibly have been concocted or rehearsed . . . Months of rehearsal by the most competent actors could not have enabled false participants in such a contest to last ten minutes without disclosing the falsity; . . . The employment of this procedure (normal, of course, in the Soviet Union) without the keenest critic finding a false note, is a most convincing demonstration of the genuineness of the case. I observe in one eminent newspaper the statement that the accused seemed to be repeating a well-learned lesson as if hypnotized; but I am unable to understand how any correspondent, however far away he was from the courtroom, can have obtained such an impression. . . .
>
> —*At the Moscow Trial*
> International Publishers, 1937

This judicious and moderate tone prevails throughout Mr. Pritt's writing. It can be found in his pamphlet, "The Case of Morton Sobell," published in the late 1950s by the National Committee to Secure Justice for Morton Sobell in the Rosenberg Case.

To begin to understand the role of the Schneirs as latest performing seals in defending the implausible, then, it's necessary to peek back into Stalinist history at such previous masters of the well-argued lie as Pritt—or William A. Reuben, the Schneirs' immediate predecessor (John Wexley was another) in the role of defender of the Rosenbergs. Reuben wrote the initial series of articles on the case, "The Rosenberg Conviction—Is This the Dreyfus Case of Cold War America?" in the pro-Communist *National Guardian* back in 1951, and authored *The Atom Spy Hoax,* a book which stated the Russians just didn't *need* to steal any data, probably had the ability to explode nuclear weapons before 1949 but decided not to do so out of their innate kindness and decency. (Speaking on the case again last year on the radio, Reuben referred to such "buzz words" as KGB—opposed, I presume, to real words like CIA and FBI.)

For years the defenders of the Rosenbergs' innocence fought to have the FBI files released under the Freedom of Information Act, with the certainty that these files would confirm their belief in innocence. In 1975 the

Robert Bernstein is a free-lance writer based in Hollywood.

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files were released. Things have not gone well. A leftist historian, avid defender of the Rosenbergs through 1975, Ronald Radosh read the files and in the process of doing so changed the direction of the book he planned to write: Setting out to prove the Rosenbergs' innocence, he decided that Julius Rosenberg was guilty. (Later he would come to the conclusion that Ethel shared that guilt, perhaps to a lesser degree.)

Then there are Walter and Miriam Schneir, also a younger middle-aged couple, who have inherited the mantle of Rosenberg defenders.

As to the remaining defenders, they worked it out. Well, yes, the files were being released: 250,000 pages so far. But they were the *wrong* ones. They were the ones tampered with by the FBI. The FBI had deliberately planted them to give the wrong impression. The truth would be found either in other files still to come, or in the files that had been destroyed. At the debate on October 20, Marshall Perlin, lawyer for the Meeropols, who keeps a complete set of the released files in his office, stated that new files had recently arrived, and they looked *very* good, he hinted darkly.

Joyce Milton stated during the debate, regarding the notion that the FBI had rewritten and tampered with the files: "Not only did there have to be people at the top coaching the participants to make their lying consistent; this is one operation. But we now know from the FBI files there had to be hundreds of people producing these hundreds of thousands of pages of documents, and making a record that jibed. Now after they did all this stuff, they locked it back into their files and did their best to ever keep it from being released to the public. My problem is I can't understand why that all happened, and in fact how it could have happened."

The audience of Rosenberg partisans jeered, booed, laughed, and talked during these assertions. The question arises, what cast of mind relates to reality in this way? A rigid cast of mind, to be sure. Walter Schneir engaged in a series of tantrums when he learned that an additional person, Sol Stern, would remain on the opposing panel during the question period. Schneir jumped up from his seat and walked around the stage furiously, he started to walk off, he finally ignored the proceedings and walked center stage shouting at the audience. Since he had no microphone, all the audience saw was a furious man silently screaming at them. Miriam Schneir, who denied that she had ever been interviewed by Stern or Radosh, listened to their tapes of her enthusiastic conversation with Stern with the frozen look of total immutability.

Here is a part of the liturgy of the defense version of the Rosenberg case, handed down from one generation to the next, now in the hands of the Schneirs. I may not be getting this right, but it goes something like this. The entire case rested on the shoulders of prosecution witness Harry Gold. Gold was an "inveterate liar," since he did not tell people he was spying when he was doing so. Another example of Harry Gold's lying was his telling people that he had a wife and children when he did not. As a spy, not letting people know what he was doing and who he was would seem to be an elementary qualification for the job. From the moral plateau of the Schneirs, it's seen as tawdry. On the other hand, they write of the flight of Sarant and Barr as one of those "many human mysteries. . . ."

A friend of mine remarked, "With all the howling, there are at least 100 people in this audience who know firsthand of what the Rosenbergs did." She said other reactionary, Cold War things, but I will not quote them. Indeed, there was howling that night. The level of feeling was high. One of the questions addressed to Radosh, both during the debate and during a previous appearance on WBAI, the left-wing radio station in New York, was to the effect: *"Why are you so calm?* I'd like to see some feeling from you." Objectivity and dispassion were an affront. (It is true that Radosh is prone to unflattering fits of giggles when he is nervous and is not my idea of a modern-day Orwell.)

The strongest outbursts of emotion during the debate provide a sense of the audience and the night:

1. Radosh was booed roundly when he stated:

> Lillian Hellman wrote, "Most of the Communists I have met seemed to me people who wanted to make a better world." What was this better world? And I do not doubt their motives or their sincerity. It included the Moscow trials, Stalinism, the death of millions in forced labor, the alliance with the Nazis, and the denial of the Gulag.

To this, the audience screamed "Shame!" and shouted Radosh down. Later he would remind them that even I.F. Stone, writing of the case and the anti-Semitic trials going on in Czechoslovakia and Moscow at the same time, stated: "How the same people could excuse Slansky and the doctors' plot and at the same time carry on the Rosenberg campaign as they did calls for political psychiatry."

2. The loudest applause of the night came when Walter Schneir said, "The issue here is not Stalinism. The issue is the FBI and the framing of the Rosenbergs!" This was followed by the strongest outrage of the evening, when Radosh replied, "The problem is—I hate to say it—sometimes the reactionaries are right, like they were right about the Soviet Union."

3. James Weinstein, editor of the Socialist newspaper *In These Times* and a former Communist in the Rosenberg circle, said:

> I think that on balance the evidence seems clear that Julius was guilty. Most of the evidence is circumstantial and I think in almost any situation you can construct an alternative set of explanations that are often equally credible. But when you take all of the various circumstances into account and try to make sense of them, you can only come to one conclusion about the innocence or guilt, and unfortunately it's very intimately connected with their [the Rosenbergs'] ideology. I was in the party at that time. I knew that we would have done the same thing if we had been asked.

This elicited an uproar.

4. Walter Schneir got love and kisses when he declared, attacking Weinstein:

> . . . So he is saying, "For the greater good, whether you were guilty or not, confess and serve the purpose of creating an American left." Well, I'll say one thing. That this pretentious idea of the way a left is supposed to be created, on the basis of a giant lie, the same lie that was spread by the FBI, the lie of the Rosenbergs having been spies, is not a left I want any part of.

5. Sol Stern received no love and kisses when he stated:

> I thought the most compelling single piece of information in the files was David Greenglass, during his first extensive interrogation by the FBI, saying not only had he been asked by his brother-in-law [Julius] to get information at Los Alamos, but then at the end of 1949 his brother-in-law told him that he was getting people out of the country and he should flee to Mexico and gave him money and a safe route. During that time the FBI didn't know very much about the things that had occurred. One fact occurred exactly parallel to David Greenglass's story. On four separate occasions. . . . it occurred in four separate cities: Morton Sobell quit his job and went to Mexico under an assumed name and tried to get out of the country. Alfred Sarant eventually crossed the border, went to Mexico and finally went to the Soviet Union, Joel Barr in Paris, safe from McCarthyism, disappeared and wound up in the Soviet Union. And Vivian Glassman went to Cleveland to try and get someone else [William Perl] out through Mexico. Four separate instances. . . .

6. Lawyer Marshall Perlin's exchange with Radosh. Perlin, pointing an accusing finger at arm's length, shouted a question at Radosh and insisted, "Answer yes or no." Radosh replied, "That reminds me strangely of the way Joe McCarthy asked questions."

7. Miriam Schneir: "Radosh has traveled a not unfamiliar political odyssey from Communist Party member to firm anti-Communism: the 'God that failed' route. . . ."

8. Joyce Milton quoted Morton Sobell, co-defendant with the Rosenbergs, as telling the *New York*

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Times about the Rosenbergs: "I would not take the position that they were completely innocent." At this point a man jumped up in the audience and screamed from the depths, "He never said that! He never said that!" It occurred to me that Sobell, even if he wanted to speak out more plainly about the Rosenbergs now, would feel constrained by the emotional expectations of such partisans as the man who cried out in the audience. Later, during the question period, Sobell did in fact stand up and protest the quotation. Showing great pain and pressure, he insisted he was quoted out of context and that "I made it very clear to him that I was innocent, and that I thought that Julius and Ethel were just as innocent as I was. But he toyed around, asking me hypothetical questions. . . ."

9. Other cries from the audience to Radosh and Milton: "What are you doing with your profits from your book?" "You're an ideologue!" "Nobody on the jury was Jewish!" "No peers!" "You're a filthy liar."

10. A haunting moment came as Joyce Milton was answering a question about the lost console table that the Rosenbergs were alleged to have used for microfilming and that was later discovered in the home of Julius Rosenberg's sister. A voice out of the past cried out, "Could you tell me what part of the house that was in? In what room was it in Ethel Goldberg's house?" It was the voice of Julius Rosenberg's sister, Ethel Goldberg Appel, a coiffured woman in her late fifties. Joyce Milton continued to speak, now about the sample of uranium David Greenglass was supposed to have stolen from Los Alamos and thrown into the East River. A shaking voice rang out: "Julie never knew about that! Let me explain to you!" People screamed, "Let her talk!" As friends tried to restrain the trembling woman, her voice again pleaded, "*Julius never knew about that!*" In that moment, Julius Rosenberg was more alive and represented in Town Hall than he ever would be by his ideological defenders.

Shortly after the Rosenbergs were executed, a street in an East European country was named after them. Several years later, the street's name was changed.

So, too, will the sophistries of the Rosenberg defenders change with the immediate needs of the moment, or the pressures of reality—i.e., the Schneirs will no longer only state of Sarant and Barr as they did in the first edition of their book that they were "presumably living abroad." It is true that, as the Rosenberg friends contend, we do not know the whole truth of the case and that more information will continue to filter out from the files and other sources. But the unfolding truth will not be a source of comfort to them, and they will continue to reinvent a truth of their own.

We will gradually learn more about other members of the larger Rosenberg spy ring, including names little known at this point. Rebecca West wrote in *The New Meaning of Treason* of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Cohen, "whom the FBI knew as associates of the Rosenbergs....In 1950, after Harry Gold had been arrested and had led the FBI to Greenglass, the Rosenbergs gave the Cohens the signal to leave." They turned up in London as Peter and Helen Kroger, antiquarian book dealers specializing in sadomasochistic pornography. In 1961 they were convicted as part of the "Naval Secrets" spy ring.

The Schneirs defined much of what Radosh and Milton have uncovered as the "garbage" of the case: including the role of Jerome David Tartakow, the informer in prison to whom Julius Rosenberg bragged about his espionage activities, and the larger spy network of which Sarant and Barr were a part.

The Rosenberg case will remain a pivotal one, for it turns back the clock to a world view that had the remnants of credibility for the Stalinist Left in 1950, before the worst revelations about the Gulag were admitted by the Russians themselves. In this view America was surely turning fascist, and its enemies had to be "anti-fascists." It was very clear. Radosh and Milton's discoveries will continue to be called "garbage," as the Schneirs so delicately put it, and the clean, unsullied part, the view of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg as the pure "progressive" couple working for peace and brotherhood. This view will continue to find its advocates among those who cannot accept a world in which the Left stands for anything but innocence.

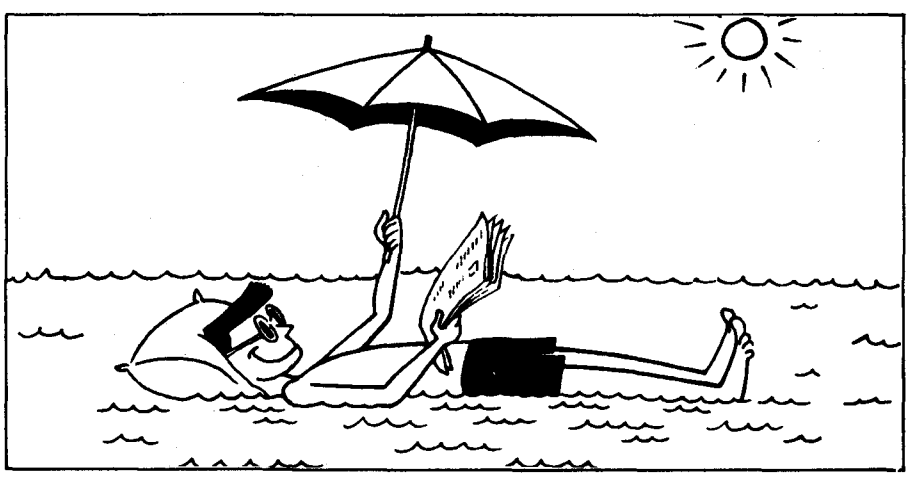
Julius and Ethel Rosenberg continue to carry a heavy burden. □

Benjamin J. Stein

THE DERATIONALIZED ZONE

Shine it on, L.A.

At the place where the border between the conscious and the unconscious ends lies Los Angeles. In a kind of weirdly derationalized zone lies the city, the state of mind where there is no clear demarcation between the real and the fantasy, the fact and the imagination. I live in the middle of that miasma and drive its freeways every day. I also travel outside of Los Angeles to Washington, D.C. and New York and Chicago and Sarasota and San Francisco and I observe that throughout this great republic the line between the dream and the awake is disappearing as a national phenomenon. Of course, what with television and movies coming to shape more and more of daily life, and what with movies and television all coming out of Los Angeles, it was inevitable that the state of mind of Los Angeles would take hold all over the United States, like an irresistible, grinning body snatcher.



All of the momentum, comrade, is on the side of the city that controls the media, just for starters. There never was much hope that Los Angeles would become like Boston, and Boston never really had much hope of withstanding L.A. There are now four hot-tub dealers on Cape Cod and Martha's Vineyard. There are no Ivy League colleges in L.A., if you get the picture. The typists at the Department of Health and Human Services wear mini-skirts and white socks. No one in L.A. rides the subway, so you can see just how much the nation's capital means and how much L.A. means.

Benjamin J. Stein's latest book is The Manhattan Gambit (*Doubleday*).

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But what lies in store for the rest of America once it is thoroughly Los Angelesized has only a little bit to do with hot tubs or dressing like a Val. It has a lot more to do with the utter dissociation of a human mind, which

"All that talk about Alabama reminds me of the Cuban Missile Crisis," Sally said. "Didn't that happen right near Alabama?"

condition is then taken for granted and treated as normal by the rest of society, which is also undergoing powerful dissociation from reality. While there are still a few Checkpoint Charlies around the nation separating what is awake from what is asleep, I offer a few pointers on what to expect once the merger of the sane and insane is complete.

For example, an item on the KNX radio news recently correcting an earlier story. The earlier story said that Lawrence Bittaker, the convicted "freeway strangler" who had killed at least twenty teenage boys in a homosexual spree in 1980, had married a certain woman named "Mary." That earlier story said that Bittaker's bride was a former male cellmate of Bittaker who had fallen in love with Bittaker, had undergone a sex change operation, and was now married although hopelessly separated from Mr. Bittaker. The correction said that Mr. Bittaker's wife was not that woman, who had married another convict, but a born-again Christian woman who had fallen in love with Bittaker during his trial, while he was recounting details of some of the murders. KNX regretted the error.

For example, on a scale somewhat more manageable than Bittaker's, I frequently have lunch with a young hustler named Dan. Dan and I met for breakfast at the Hamburger Hamlet last week. After he told me about his plans to get rich quick by producing a series of video tapes about protecting your dog or cat from kidnaping, he leaned forward confidentially. "Do you promise to keep this a secret?" he asked.

"Of course not," I said.

"I have something that's truly unbelievable. This one is gonna go," he said. "This is the big one for me. The only problem is that I'm afraid I'm dealing with some very tough people."

"Really," I said.

"Yes, indeed," he said. "Some of my friends who deal coke are into something really, really major. Do you have a lab or something where they can test a substance for purity?"

"No," I said.

"The thing is," he said, "that I've been given a very small quantity of something to see if I can sell it and I have to know if it's real."

"I see," I said.

"You promise to keep this really, really secret?" he asked.

"No," I said.

"All right," he said. "I'll tell you. In my wallet, I have a very small quantity of interferon. You know what that stuff can do?"

"Amazing," I said.

"See, they're making it already in Japan in really large quantities and they want to smuggle it into this country, because the FDA won't let them sell it here. The Japanese already have tons of it because, see, they were bombed once with atom bombs, so they've been secretly stockpiling it just in case," he said. "For their national leaders, see."

"I see," I said.

"Now, they have so much they don't know what to do with it, so some very heavy hitters in the drug business came to me because they know I can move merchandise very quickly," Dan said, thrusting forward his chest in his thin leather jacket. Dan is in the children's shoe business and I guess he moves a lot of shoes. "So I have some, and I told them I'd test it to make sure it's real and if it's real, I'd take a few million worth from them."

"Now I get it," I said.

"Listen," he said, leaning forward, "you want some? I have some in my wallet. You can just put some under your tongue in the men's room. It makes you really, really high."

"Gosh, no thanks," I said.

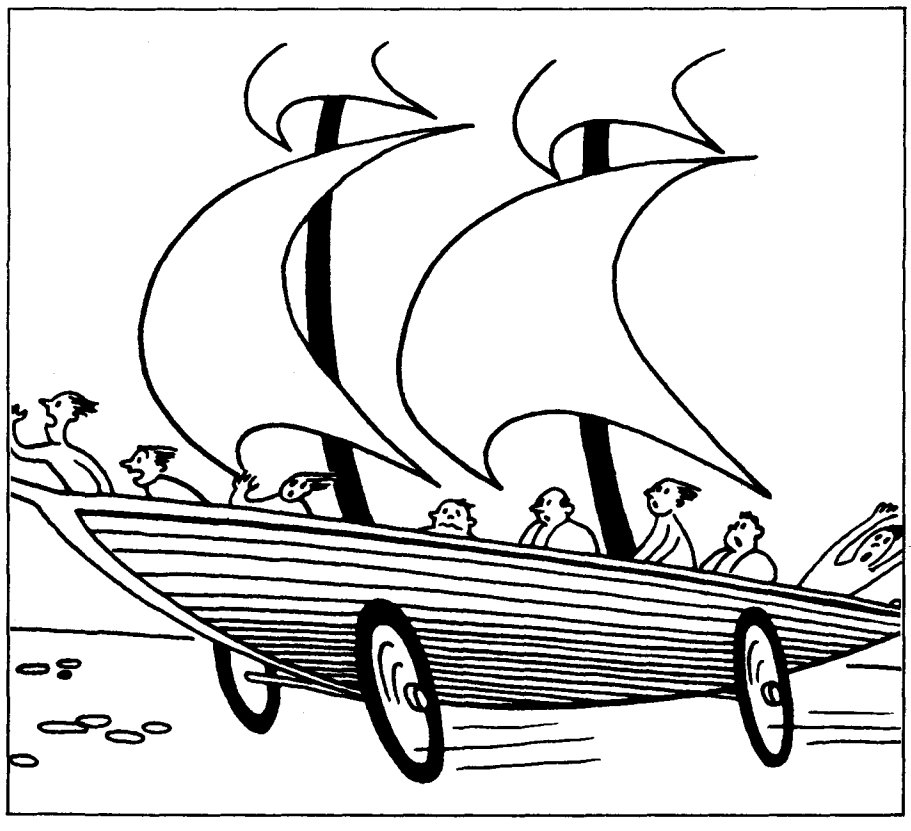
Dan leaned back in his chair and said, "It's all right. But if you meet anyone who wants to buy some interferon, you know where to tell 'em to look, right?" Dan asked.

"Right," I said.

For example, a meeting with two young studio executives on the west side of town in an all gray, fabric-walled, high-tech office with clocks showing the time in Djakarta and Tunis as well as New York and Hawaii and L.A., in which both studio executives toyed with their car keys while I spoke. One man had a Porsche key. The other had a Ferrari key. Both men lit cigars and then offered me one as I got ready for my pitch.

"It's a dark tale of revenge and sexual obsession," I said. "It takes place in a small town in Alabama where, sixty years ago, an innocent black man was lynched for looking lustfully at a white woman. Now, the black man's grandson, a totally hip, with-it Vietnam vet is back to take revenge on the whole town. He begins by locking up the leading white family in a house and lynching the men slowly while their wives watch."

"Great, great," said one of the studio executives. He interrupted the pitch to tell me that he had been to Alabama and that it was really amazing there.



"How so?" I asked.

"Just really amazing," he said. "Go on with your pitch," he added with an airy wave of the hand.

"Well," I said, "totally unexpectedly, the wife of one of the white victims suddenly starts to feel uncontrollable sexual longings for this black man while her husband is actually being prepared for murder."

Before I could go on, the studio exec with the Ferrari key said, "I love it. It's sort of about the problem of the disappearing family, right?"

"Thank you," I said. "I think so."

"Let me ask you this," said the man with the Ferrari key. "How would you feel about making this into an all-out farce comedy?"

"Well," I said, "in the sense that it involves a certain amount of reversal of roles of power and of

"Here's the plan. It's for a stud service for suburban housewives, like up in Thousand Oaks where I live."

strength perhaps it involves some inherent humor already, but I don't really see a dark tale of sexual obsession and murder as a comedy."

The production executive pocketed his keys and stroked his beard and said, "Right, right, I just wanted to raise the issue."

We talked for a few minutes more about the bloody climax in which the Alabama state troopers surround the house and the wife decides to stay in the house and die with the black man and then I got up to leave.

"Now just let me get something straight," the production executive with the Ferrari key said as I headed for the door. "We're talking very now, very stylized Neil Simon comedy here, right?"

"Right," I said and walked out into the rain.

That evening, I told the story to my friends Al and Sally. Al is one of the most successful sitcom producers in history (something like one of the most famous carwash owners in history, as he likes to say) and Sally has a key ring that says, "I live for revenge."

"All that talk about Alabama reminds me of the Cuban Missile Crisis," Sally said. "Didn't that happen right near Alabama?"

"Practically next door," I said.

"Remember we all thought we were going to die," Sally said wistfully. "Remember that?"

"I certainly do," Al said. "You bet

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me a Polaroid camera we were all going to die. That was when they were really expensive, too."

"Did you ever pay off?" I asked.

"I certainly did," Al said. "Sally used it for ten years and was very happy with it."

"That's right," Sally said. She turned to me and said, "So you are going to do it as a comedy?"

"Of course," I said.

For example, two weeks ago, I took my dogs, Martha and Trixie, for a walk on a rainy Sunday morning. As I turned a corner, past a man working on his BMW in front of a $300,000 house, a man stood holding a black and white kitten in his hand. The man was tall and thin in an airline pilot's kind of way, which is right for once because he is an airline pilot. "Is that a new kitten?" I asked as the dogs strained at their leashes.

"Not really," he said. "I like to think that all of them are the same."

"I see," I said.

"The first two got sick and died," he said, lowering his voice to a whisper as he said "died." "But I can't deal with illness. I just can't face it at all. So I pretty much act as if it didn't happen. I just get another kitten and call her Lucille just like the others. That way I don't have to face sickness, which is something I really cannot tolerate anyway."

"Fine," I said and walked on. After about fifty feet, I came upon a pale, beautiful young woman standing in the rain with her blond hair over her face, streams of water running off each blond curl, as if the hair had tear ducts of its own. She wore only a dirty tennis dress and was shivering. I had seen her walking her boyfriend's dog, a horribly ill-kept shepherd, on earlier days.

"Traci," I said. "Traci, what's wrong?"

Through her tears she told me that she had been beaten up by her boyfriend, a rock songwriter and musician. She had nowhere to go, thirty cents in her pocketbook, and was completely alone in Los Angeles. I brought her back to the house, where I offered her tea. "Do you have herbal?" she asked.

She told me she had been awakened at two a.m. by her boyfriend's beating her. Then she had watched horrified as he had thrown her clothes in the fireplace and burned them. She told me that her father was dead and that her mother lived with her stepfather in San Antonio. They were the only friends or family she had "on earth." I told her to take a nap in my wife's dressing room. She woke up several hours later and said that she had better try to hitchhike back to San Antonio.

"No," I said. "That's too pathetic. I'll give you the money for air fare and you can go tonight."

"Well," she said, "can I wait until tomorrow? If I'm going back, I'd like to go to Sassoon and get my hair done before I go."

For example, the beautiful blonde woman who works as a receptionist at my former agency: She sits behind a desk, looking like a marble goddess of femininity and allure, with her dark blue eyes and her hair pulled straight back.

"I read your book," she told me one recent morning.

"You did?" I asked. "Which one?"

She looked stumped and waved her hand airily. "The new one," she said. "I loved it. It was really funny."

The new one was about a close friend who had died from addiction to Quaaludes, but I shined it on.

"You are a really great writer. Did you know that?" she asked. "Really great."

"Thank you," I said.

"People at this agency consider you a major talent," she added.

"I'm so grateful," I said.

"I wonder if you could take me out to dinner some night," she asked. "I want to talk to you about writing something very important. Very, very important," she added after a pause.

"Really?" I asked.

"Just let me say this," she said. "It's important enough that it could be a TV movie of the week."

"That important," I said. "Can you tell me what it might be about?"

"Only if it's a secret," she said. "You promise to keep it a secret?"

"No," I said. "I don't think so."

"Well, I'll tell you anyway, but it's really important," she said. "I think you'll be pretty surprised. It's about something very private, very personal that I've been involved with myself. Very private and very personal," she said, stroking her blond hair with her Volkswagen key.

"Female mud wrestling," she said. "I've done it. It was one of my first jobs. It was really an amazing insight into modern life."

"Yes?" I said, leaning forward expectantly.

"Female mud wrestling," she said. "I've done it. It was one of my first jobs. It was really an amazing insight into modern life. I think a serious writer like you is the only person who could do it justice."

"I think it may be too serious for me," I said. "Have you thought about Joan Didion? She may be more into serious subjects than I am. I think she's interested in an M.O.W. about mud wrestling. At least that's the word I hear."

"Joan Didion," said the blonde receptionist. "How do you spell that?"

For example, a meeting with a major power at a network concerning a true life story which had happened out there in the world. The executive, a man of forty years' experience in movies and TV, toyed with a green-bronze pre-Columbian dagger while I talked to him.

"The story is that a few years ago, there was a beautiful teenage girl in Russia who was the daughter of a top Red Army General. She needed tutoring in mathematics, so Dad hired a Jew, a young guy who was a whiz in math, to tutor her. They fell in love, see, and the General was very angry. He had the young man sent to prison, to the Gulag, then to a military prison, and still his daughter loved him. Finally, the General tried a trick. He let the young man out, then he told his daughter they could be married and emigrate. But he told her he would let the young man out first and then a year later, she could leave. So they got married and she had a baby almost immediately. Off he went to America, to teach at Georgetown University. Then the father, the General, told her she couldn't leave and the marriage was invalid and when she protested he put her in a mental hospital," I said, all in one breath.

"Wow," said the executive. "Where was this?"

"In Russia," I said.

"So then," I continued, "the daughter went on a hunger strike and was just about dead when the father's heart melted and he told his daughter he would try to get her out. So he went to his bosses and they told him that his daughter could leave only if the General resigned all his posts, quit the army, and lived in internal exile for the rest of his life."

"Wow," the executive said. "Where do you get these stories?"

"Well," I said, "this one was in the papers, but wait until the end."

"There's more?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "The General agreed to resign everything and live in disgrace for the rest of his life and his daughter left and now lives in Washington, D.C. with her husband and daughter."

"Fantastic," he said, "where did you say this happened?"

"In Russia," I said. "Just this month the wife came to Washington."

"All right," the executive said with a heavy sigh. "First of all, you have to understand that I love it. Really love it."

"I understand," I said.

"But there are two big problems with it. First, the nets are really scared of anything that seems to be too politically one-sided. So is there any way we could work this around so that it didn't look as if we were coming down too hard just on the Russians?"

He played with a golf ball with a Mercedes emblem on it and then said, "Maybe we could set it up as a kind of 'plague on both your houses' situation with us and the Russians equally to blame."

"That's going to be a tough one," I said, "since the U.S. wasn't really involved until the very end."

"All right," he said. "That leads to the next problem which is that we don't like to do anything that doesn't have an American lead and isn't set in America. Is there any way the story could be changed around so that it's an American general and it's set, say, in Texas?"

"I wish I'd thought of that," I said.

"Give it more thought and come back to me on it," he said.

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For example, Marie Richardson, the mother of a young woman who works for me. Last week she called to ask me if I could do her "a humongous favor." She is 45 years old and an overpowering large bosomed blonde who lives in a suburb far out in the Conejo Valley, which makes the San Fernando Valley look like Park Avenue in the sixties for sophistication.

"What's the favor?" I asked.

"I want to start a business," she said, "and I know you have a lot of connections on Wall Street and maybe you could help me get financing. It's a unique kind of project."

"Well, tell me about it," I said, "although most of the people I know on Wall Street are only interested in lending money to Yugoslavia."

"Here's the plan. It's for a stud service for suburban housewives, like up in Thousand Oaks where I live. What we'd do is get a lot of high-school football players and sign them up to take care of the housewives in the afternoons," she said. "I'd get a percentage of the take."

"Good idea, Marie," I said.

"Plus, maybe I could franchise the whole operation. There's no reason at all why it couldn't work all over the country, is there?"

"None that I know of, Marie," I said.

"Do you think any of your friends on Wall Street would be interested in putting up some seed money for the plan?" she asked.

"Listen," I said. "Have you ever heard of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company?"

For example, a recent speech I gave at a local university which is set on a pleasing knoll overlooking the Pacific Ocean. My speech was about writing novels based on political events. The students had apparently had a rough night and were generally either filing their nails or reading *Car and Driver*. To stimulate discussion, the teacher asked me if I had considered writing a novel about the first woman President.

"I hadn't thought of that," I said.

"I've often thought about it," said the teacher, a refined woman with a giant gold necklace that read "Let's Play In My Porsche." She added, "The only problem is that I can't think of a plot."

"Well, that is a problem," I said.

"See, I figure that she's a secretary and she gets to be a congresswoman by sleeping with a lot of guys and then she gets to be a senator by sleeping with the right guys, and then finally she gets to be President by sleeping with a lot of guys, but I can't really figure out any more than that and that's just like, well, almost a documentary and it doesn't have much jeopardy," the English Lit. teacher said.

The students still had not looked up. "Maybe you could have her get assassinated," I suggested. "While she's sleeping with some really important guy."

A student raised her hand. "Do we have to take notes on this?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed," the teacher said. "This kind of thing will come in very handy in your political science classes, too."

For example, my friend Dan called last night to tell me that he had still not sold his interferon. "It's the damn recession, man," he added. "But I think maybe I can sell a movie about it. You want to help?"

"Gosh, I'm sorry," I said. "I'm so busy I can't think straight."

"The thing is," he said, "that I'm getting a little tired of the shoe business and the company I sell for has made me a very attractive offer to act as an independent shoe middleman (which reminded me of what a great offer England, Austria, and Russia made to Napoleon, setting him up as an independent emperor on St. Helena). That means I'll have a lot of free time to work on making the interferon story into a movie. I plan for that to be my next movie."

"What was your last movie?" I asked.

"It's still in my mind," he said. "I'm still thinking about it. The one about interferon will be my next movie. I have a really full production schedule."

For example, a certain real estate saleswoman I know. She drives a 1965 Volkswagen beetle, battered almost beyond recognition, with the personalized license plate "HAD NOT." The woman lives in what might be called "straitened" circumstances in a small cottage in West L.A. As far as I can tell, the woman has always lived in straitened circumstances.

"What's that license plate all about?" I asked her not long ago, over the telephone.

"That's for when I'm rich," she said. "That's to put on my Rolls convertible."

"How long have you had it?" I asked.

"Oh, for about ten years," she said. "It's to show that I was once a 'have not' person, sort of like a 'have not' nation like we learned about in school, but that now I have it all."

"But you don't have it yet," I said. "Are you getting any closer?"

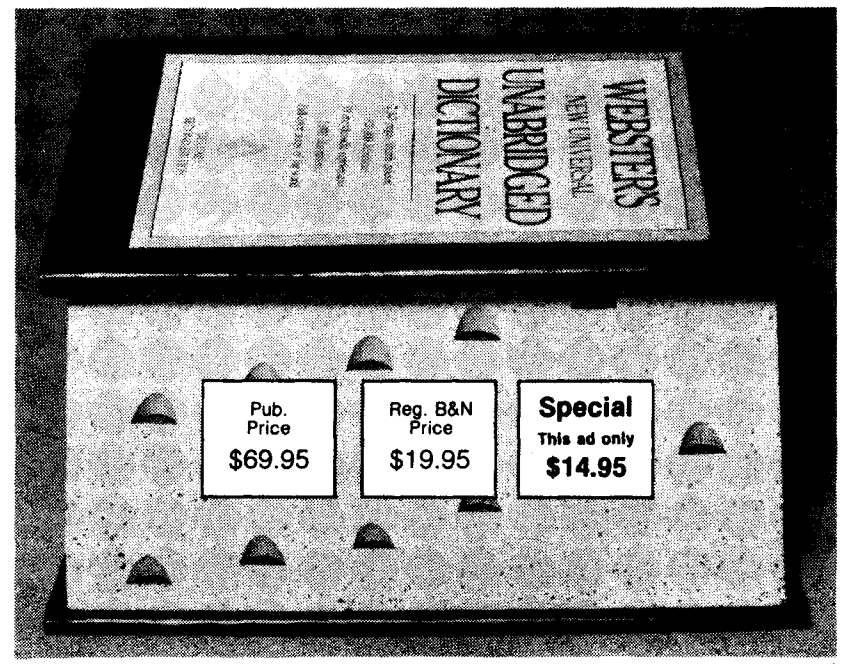
"Not really," she said. "Not really at all, but I just want to be prepared for when I do. You see," she said, "that's part of the way I live my life. It's a religion called psychocybernetics. It tells you to just put your mind where you want to be and you'll get there."

"Does it have a schedule?" I asked.

"That's your problem," she said with a sigh. "You're so literal."

She said that and then I hung up. □

The price of looking it up just went *way down!*



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Stephen Miller

SIDNEY HOOK: FIFTY YEARS OF ANTI-COMMUNISM

Can the essays of a Cold Warrior be worth much?
Or should one stick with Edmund Wilson?

There are no second acts in American lives, F. Scott Fitzgerald once said, by which he meant that American writers usually fizzle out. Unable to sustain a full career, their writing takes a turn for the worse as they advance into old age. But Fitzgerald did not live long enough to see some of his contemporaries put on, as it were, five-act plays: Wallace Stevens and Elizabeth Bishop, for example, as well as Edmund Wilson, one of Fitzgerald's friends. Wilson did some of his best work—*Patriotic Gore*—when he was past sixty. Then there is Sidney Hook—like Wilson a major American essayist. Though past eighty, Hook is still writing well, as can be seen in *Marxism and Beyond,** a collection of his essays from the last ten years.

To call Hook a major American essayist may come as a surprise. We tend to think of essayists as free-floating souls who, like Wilson, deal mainly if not exclusively with literary matters. Hook has been a scholar—a professor of philosophy who has spent much of his life expounding the ideas of Marx and Dewey—so how can we call him an essayist, let alone a major one? But Hook, of course, has written innumerable essays on many of the major social and political questions of our time. Though Hook's scholarship is excellent, he always has been most effective, as Irving Kristol has observed, in bringing "his extraordinary intellectual powers to bear on particular issues of social or political controversy. . . . "†

Hook has been so noted for his stands on certain questions that both his admirers and detractors tend to focus on his position, overlooking the style and argument of his essays. Like Wilson, Hook is a master of the plain style; he never labors to be clever, never parades his learning. His prose is clear, and rarely humdrum. At times it is eloquent, even Churchillian:

> It is better to be a live jackal than a dead lion—for jackals, not men. Men who have the moral courage to fight intelligently for freedom have the best prospect of avoiding the fate of both live jackals and dead lions. Survival is not the be-all and end-all of a life worthy of man. Sometimes the worst thing we can know about a man is that he has survived.

Finally, Hook's essays are intellectually rigorous; he is adept at making distinctions that clarify knotty political questions.

Hook does not lack admirers, some of whom honored him at a dinner in New York one year ago in celebration of his eightieth birthday. Yet clearly he does not possess the stature of Edmund Wilson, who has been described as the foremost American man of letters of the twentieth century. When the *Portable Edmund Wilson* was published recently, it was lauded in a front-page review in the *New York Times Book Review*. Hook's *Marxism and Beyond,* by contrast, was accorded a few paragraphs in the back pages of the same journal—the reviewer praising Hook for his scholarly analyses of Marxist thought yet chiding him for his anti-Communism.

The difference in treatment is appropriate, many would claim, because Wilson is a more interesting essayist. Wilson covered a lot of territory; he wrote about the Civil War, the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Iroquois Indians, Russian literature, even the Hungarian language. Hook has generally confined himself to politics, and on occasion to education. But what has hurt his reputation as an essayist most is his strong anti-Communism. In *The Truants,* a memoir of life among the New York intellectuals, William Barrett writes that Hook was regarded by the editors of the *Partisan Review* as "a kind of Johnny One-Note, clear and forceful but also monotonous in the one issue he was always pursuing."

Hook was also regarded as a brilliant man who had lost his balance—and perhaps, as Irving Howe suggested, his soul. There was something missing in Hook, Howe says in *A Margin of Hope,* "some imaginative flair or depth of sensibility that might complement his intellectual virtuosity. Within that first-rate mind, there had formed a deposit of sterility, like rust on a beautiful machine." True, Hook was not interested in—or at least did not write about—literature, but what bothered Howe and others was Hook's insistence in looking at hard questions: what to do about Americans who were members of the Communist Party, how to deal with Soviet expansionism, what to make of affirmative action. Because he kept on bringing these up, Hook was considered a killjoy. And so even a friend—for Howe was his friend—could sink to purple prose to describe Hook's alleged failings.

There was no rust on Wilson's beautiful machine. His view of the world was balanced: he was an anti-anti-Communist, someone who acknowledged the evil of the Soviet Union but dismissed anti-Communism as simplistic. Yet if Wilson's views were intellectually fashionable, it was not because he bowed to fashion. Wilson truckled to no one. Like Hook, he was inclined to be contentious, to relish literary and political quarrels, to speak bluntly about matters. Temperamentally, Hook and Wilson had much in common. Moreover, until the post-World War II era, their political

*Rowman & Littlefield, $22.95.

†Kristol's essay on Hook appears in *Sidney Hook: Philosopher of Democracy and Humanism,* a festschrift edited by Paul Kurtz, Prometheus Books, $18.95.

Stephen Miller is executive assistant to the Board of Radio Free Europe and author of Special Interest Groups in American Politics, *to be published this winter by Transaction Books.*

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views were similar. Both flirted with Communism in the early 1930s, and both were among the first American intellectuals to point out that the Soviet Union was hardly a progressive country.

In the late 1930s both Hook and Wilson combatted the influence of Stalinism in American intellectual life. They did battle, for example, with Malcolm Cowley, who peddled his Stalinist views in the pages of the *New Republic*. As Hook points out in a review of Cowley's autobiography (reprinted in *Marxism and Beyond)*, Cowley was totally committed to the Stalinist faith—doing his utmost to defend the Moscow trials. Unlike Hook, Wilson remained friendly with Cowley yet in 1938 complained to him about his "damned old Stalinist line, which gets more and more cockeyed by the minute." Like Hook, Wilson did not buy the then popular argument that in order to build socialism the Soviet Union was right in suspending civil liberties "temporarily." In 1938 Wilson wrote that the Soviet Union hasn't "even the beginnings of democratic institutions; but they [the Soviet people] are actually worse off in that respect than when they started."

Hook has been a scholar—a professor of philosophy who has spent much of his life expounding the ideas of Marx and Dewey—so how can we call him an essayist, let alone a major one?

Yet Wilson, who said that reading Marx in long doses made him sick, had a soft spot for Lenin. Stalin was evil, but Lenin basically a good man, a great leader who tried to bring Russia out of poverty and stagnation. So Wilson argued in *To the Finland Station,* published in 1940. The book has been praised by many writers—mainly by literary types not well versed in Russian history or political theory—but it has also been attacked not only for its portrait of Lenin but for its reductive analysis of Marx's thought. As Meyer Schapiro pointed out in *Partisan Review,* Wilson makes too much of Marx's Jewishness—invoking it as an explanation for much of Marx's thought.

Hook, no doubt, was more exercised by Wilson's treatment of Lenin, for Hook has continually argued that Lenin was a tyrant who betrayed Marx's thought. As Hook says in "Karl Marx Versus the Communist Movement," which also appears in *Marxism and Beyond,* "there is not a line in Marx's writings that states or implies that 'the dictatorship of the proletariat' must be exercised through 'the dictatorship of the Communist Party.'" Hook's Lenin and Wilson's Lenin have nothing in common.

Hook did not review *To the Finland Station,* but in 1940 he may have urged the editors of *Partisan Review,* with whom he was closely associated, to reject a long piece on Lenin that Wilson had submitted for publication. Wilson accused the editors of *Partisan Review* of favoring Hook's work at his expense. In a letter to F.W. Dupee, then one of the editors, Wilson complained that *Partisan Review* published Hook's "interminable articles" and yet rejected his essay. He also resented the editors' suggestion that he steer clear of political matters and submit a piece on literature. "Now you send back my Lenin," Wilson said, "with the suggestion that I do a little something on the younger novelists." Wilson didn't like their insinuation that political analysis was not his forte.

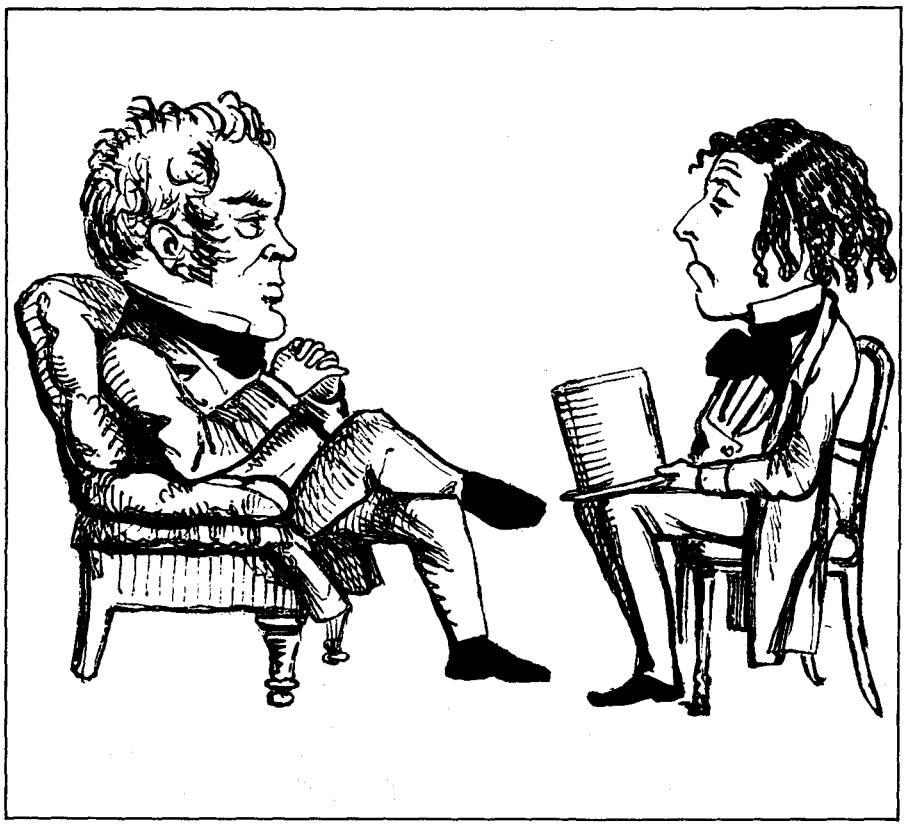
If the editors of *Partisan Review* did not think much of Wilson's portrait of Lenin, neither did Vladimir Nabokov, whom Wilson befriended in 1940 by sending him a letter with a copy of *To the Finland Station.* Although Nabokov became indebted to Wilson for his help in getting Nabokov's books into print, the Russian émigré strongly objected to Wilson's view of Lenin in particular and the Soviet Union generally. In 1948 Nabokov wrote Wilson that "you and other American intellectuals of the twenties regarded with enthusiasm and sympathy Lenin's regime which seemed to you from afar an exciting fulfillment of your progressive dreams." Nabokov's point was the same as Hook's: Lenin was not a progressive but a ruthless despot who destroyed whatever political progress Russia had made during the previous fifty years. "Under the Soviets, from the very start," Nabokov told Wilson, "the only protection a dissenter could hope for was dependent on governmental whims, not laws. No parties except the one in power could exist." Nabokov did not deny that Stalinist terror was worse than Leninist terror, but—like Hook—he argued that they were cut from the same cloth. "Any changes that took place . . . [were] changes in the decor which more or less screens an unchanging black abyss of oppression and terror."

In 1971, shortly before he died, Wilson wrote a new introduction to *To the Finland Station,* in which he acknowledged that his view of Lenin had been "much too amiable. . . ." Yet Wilson did not make a serious effort to redo his portrait; he barely retouched it. He quotes from several contemporary observers of Lenin, who said that the Bolshevik leader was cold, harsh, and rude. Lenin, Wilson says, "gave offense and did not show himself so benevolent as I perhaps tend to make him." Wilson's reluctance to revise his estimate of Lenin stemmed from his refusal to come to grips with the unamiable nature of Lenin's thought.

The disposition to think well of Lenin became a basic tenet of postwar anti-anti-Communism. Its adherents did not generally praise Lenin, but—like Wilson—regarded the Soviet "experiment" as positive on balance and Lenin, despite his excesses, as a force for the good: an enlightened despot who had brought his people out of the darkness of tsarist times. Those who disagreed with this point of view were labeled reactionaries (especially if émigrés like Nabokov) or obsessive anti-Communists. The anti-anti-Communists also argued that it was important to strengthen the hand of the Leninists in the Soviet Union—important, of course, after Stalin died. The United States could do this only if it refrained from taking a hard-line approach to Soviet expansionism. To be a Cold Warrior was to abet Stalinism—or, as innumerable observers now put it, to abet the hawks in the Kremlin.

But most of the anti-anti-Communists were not fools. They did not assume that if the Leninists triumphed in the Soviet Union, the country would become a nice place. The Soviet Union, they argued, would always be a nasty place because it was, well, Russia. Or, as Wilson put it in his retouched portrait of Lenin: "We did not foresee that the new Russia must contain a good deal of the old Russia. . . . I had no premonition that the Soviet Union was to become one of the most hideous tyrannies that the world had ever known, and Stalin the most cruel and unscrupulous of the merciless Russian tsars." By calling Stalin a merciless Russian tsar, Wilson could get Lenin off the hook. The Russian past, not Leninism, was the main ingredient of Stalinism. Stalin was a darker version not of Lenin, but of Ivan the Terrible.

The anti-anti-Communists thought the anti-Communists not only foolish but naive—naive because they assumed democratic institutions might flourish in Russia if given the chance. Reviewing George Kennan's *Russia and the West Under Lenin and Stalin* in 1961, Wilson paraphrased Kennan with obvious approval: "What is needed, says Mr. Kennan, is to arrive at some understanding of what alien civilizations are up to. We should totally dismiss from our minds any assumption that they ought to resemble ours or what we like to imagine ours to be, that they should imitate our own institutions." Wilson had not the foggiest idea what political institutions the Soviet people desired, yet he took it for granted they did not want to "imitate



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our own institutions." In other words, the best the people of the Soviet Union could hope for is Lenin-style Communism.

How could Wilson complain in 1938 about the absence of democratic institutions in the Soviet Union, yet in 1961 reproach those who made the same complaint? In the 1930s Wilson had worried about American Stalinism: the disposition on the part of many American intellectuals to regard the Soviet Union as an ideal society. In the post-Stalinist 1950s and 60s, however, Wilson became nervous about American patriotism—the disposition to regard America as an ideal society. "In our differences with foreign powers," Wilson wrote in his review of Kennan, "we must give up our melodramatic ideas of absolute right and absolute wrong. We ourselves have not been wholly guiltless, wholly benevolent in intention, as we like to believe we have. . . ."

But who were the Americans who held melodramatic ideas of absolute right and absolute wrong? No doubt in the 1950s there was a self-righteous strain to American foreign policy, particularly in John Foster Dulles. Wilson's unthinking patriot, however, was a straw man. Perhaps some politicians indulged in strident patriotism, but no anti-Communist intellectual ever did. What the anti-Communist intellectuals said was that the United States, whatever its sins, was by and large a force for freedom in the world, whereas the Soviet Union was not. Indeed, the Soviet Union was a menace to freedom.

An obvious truth, one would think, especially after 1956, when Soviet tanks and troops crushed the Hungarian freedom fighters. Yet it was a truth that anti-anti-Communists found difficult to state—not because they were pro-Soviet and not even because they were anti-American. Rather, they felt that by stating such an obvious truth they would be betraying their intellectual calling; they would be seen as conformists, as celebrants of the American way. An intellectual in good standing was supposed to have a "balanced" view of the world; one had to point out the sins of the United States as well as those of the Soviet Union.

Wilson himself went to great lengths to show that he had such a balanced view. In his famous essay on *Doctor Zhivago,* written in 1958, Wilson insisted that Pasternak's novel "is not merely a little out of line with the assumptions of the Soviet Union; it presents a radical criticism of all our *supposedly democratic* but more and more centralized societies [emphasis mine]." According to Wilson, *Doctor Zhivago* is also "directed at conditions and tendencies which have lately become pronounced in the United States."

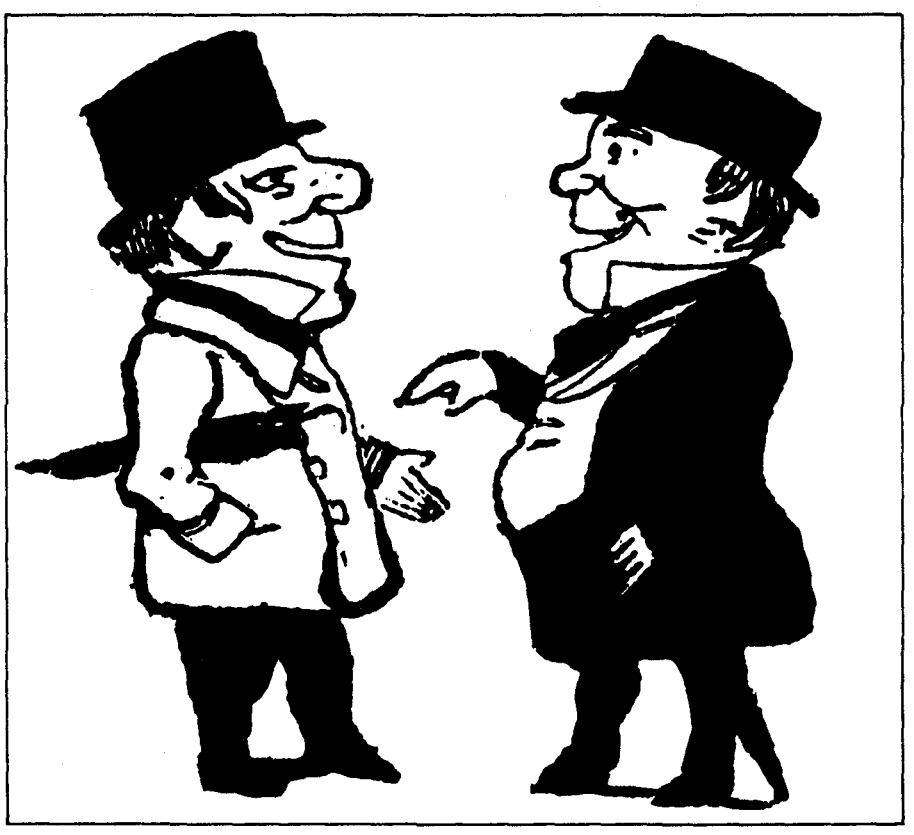
Pasternak, I suspect, would have been surprised and puzzled to find his novel become—in Wilson's hands—akin to Marcuse's *One-Dimensional Man.* For Wilson, like Marcuse, implies that the chief evil of modern times is not Soviet Communism or Stalinism, but advanced industrial society, which breeds centralization and bureaucratization. In *The Cold War and the Income Tax,* published in 1963, Wilson pushed this idea to the point of becoming a crank, referring to "what we call our free world" and asserting that the United States is more dangerous to world peace than the Soviet Union: "It was not without plausibility that they [the Soviet leadership] began to denounce us as 'warmongers.' " In 1962 Wilson was awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom, presumably not for coming to regard the United States as a society that only appeared to be free and democratic.

What are we to make of the politics of a man who fulminated against centralization yet admired Lenin, a ruthless centralizer? Referring mainly to *To the Finland Station,* Dwight Macdonald said that Wilson "doesn't know a *thing* about politics. . . . It's just another subject he's read up on." Whether or not Wilson knew anything about politics in 1940, when he wrote *To the Finland Station,* it is clear that he didn't learn much about politics in subsequent years. In the 1940s and 1950s, Nabokov patiently lectured to Wilson about Lenin, Russian history, and Soviet Communism, yet these lectures fell on deaf ears. Wilson not only stuck to his views, he even confidently said in 1971 that because Nabokov "despises the Communist regime," he "does not even understand how it works or how it ever came to be." And he also said that Nabokov's "knowledge of Russia, in fact, is very special, extremely limited." As many scholars have pointed out, Wilson—not Nabokov—was the ignorant one. It is troubling—indeed disturbing—that a writer whom Leon Edel has called "an old-fashioned American individualist" recited much of the anti-anti-Communist litany so popular with American intellectuals in the postwar era.

Whatever their common concerns in 1940, by 1960 Wilson and Hook had completely different political views. Like most anti-anti-Communist intellectuals, Wilson thought that by invoking the notions of bureaucratization and centralization he had exposed the real face of all advanced industrial societies. He had seen, moreover, that "we and Russia are now competing and becoming more and more alike." Hook did not buy the argument of convergence. Although rich in subtle distinctions, Hook's essays are very simple: He continually stresses that the United States differs from the Soviet Union because the citizens of the former country possess political freedom whereas the citizens of the latter do not. According to Hook, "political freedom is the *sine qua non* of every other form of desirable social freedom."

Wilson undoubtedly thought Hook's formulation simplistic. Writing to Alfred Kazin in 1962, Wilson said he was endeavoring "to get behind politics." According to Wilson, "many intellectuals think in political and economic terms too much. They ought to pay more attention to zoology and anthropology." Hook, I suspect, would be suspicious of those who attempt to "get behind politics"; he would argue that those who do so often ignore or minimize the importance of political freedom. Hook has always questioned those—both on the Right and the Left—who speak of economic freedom or economic democracy and do not recognize the primacy of political freedom.

Hook also stresses that the expansion of government is not in itself destructive of freedom. The democratic countries of the West, Hook has pointed out, have expanded the sphere of government, but this expansion "has not resulted in the progressive diminution of freedoms in political and cultural life." In all totalitarian societies, Hook emphasizes, "political democracy was destroyed *before* the economy was socialized."



Hook's reputation would be higher if he had confined himself to being a scholar of Marx and Dewey. Hook, however, has never eschewed public life. He has always been active not only as a writer of polemical essays but also as an organizer and participant in numerous organizations to defend freedom. He was one of the organizers, for example, of the Dewey Commission of Inquiry into the Moscow Trials. Hook clearly feels that it is the responsibility of citizens to defend their political freedom as actively as they can. As he said in *The Hero in History,* a book he wrote forty years ago: "The amount and quality of freedom and democracy in a society are determined by many things—economic organization, education, tradition, religion, to name only a few. *But they depend just as much upon our willingness to fight for them as upon any other thing* [emphasis Hook's]."

Hook admires pugnacity as well as lucidity—admires above all the pugnacity of Solzhenitsyn, whom he has called "one of the great moral prophets of our time" for his unremitting struggle against Soviet Communism. Yet how little Solzhenitsyn and Hook have in common. Hook has been called a "secular humanist"; at best he is indifferent to religious belief. Solzhenitsyn, by contrast, has continually stressed the importance of religious faith, arguing that the erosion of religious belief in the West is the chief reason for the West's inability to take a strong stand against Soviet expansionism. Hook, moreover, admires

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Marx, and has spoken of Marx's "own ideals of freedom and humanity." Solzhenitsyn regards Marx as a pernicious secular intellectual whose contempt for religious belief is at one with his contempt for freedom.

Perhaps because Hook is intent on rescuing Marx from the clutches of Lenin, Hook tends to give Marx the benefit of the doubt on the question of freedom. Marx did praise democracy, but he also dreamed of a future society in which democratic politics would be superfluous—a society of total concord. As Hook himself has pointed out, Marx has no room in his political blueprint for faction; Marx doesn't acknowledge, as Hook puts it, that human beings "have purposes that are often at cross purposes with each other." But a society without faction cannot be a democratic society. Solzhenitsyn, on the other hand, assigns too much explanatory power to atheism—whether Marxist-inspired or otherwise; he says that "the entire twentieth century is sucked into the vortex of atheism and self-destruction." One need not be a champion of atheism to recognize that societies in which religious belief flourished have not always been societies that honored human dignity and freedom.

In one respect, then, Solzhenitsyn is profoundly wrong; the problem is not atheism, but that too many people are not sufficiently committed to political freedom. Or as Hook said in "Communism and the American Intellectuals," written in 1981: "Today, by and large, the mainstream of American intellectuals is either indifferent to the challenges of the Communist world or hostile to the very conception of such a challenge as a manifestation of cold war sentiment."

As a dedicated promoter of a foreign policy based on anti-Communism, Hook has no rival. But we should be careful not to confuse political acumen with literary merit, and so the question remains: Is Hook, like Wilson, a major American essayist? I think he is; many of his essays hold up well and serve as an excellent guide to the major controversies of the postwar era. He is especially good in analyzing the jumble of foolish ideas held by many luminaries—John Kenneth Galbraith, Robert Heilbroner, Herbert Marcuse, Lillian Hellman. But of course some of Hook's essays have not stood the test of time as well; they have the musty odor of old quarrels, of issues no longer of interest. What is needed is a *Portable Hook,* a volume that preserves Hook's best work. For Hook brings to mind some of the great Victorian essayists—Mill, Bagehot, Morley, and Macaulay—who never strayed too far from the central issues of their time.

That Hook, who has defended freedom forcefully and eloquently for fifty years, has never received the Presidential Medal of Freedom is disturbing, even scandalous. Recently, however, the National Endowment for the Humanities has seen fit to honor him by asking Hook to deliver the 1984 Jefferson Lecture on the Humanities. □

Doan Van Toai and David Chanoff

STANLEY KARNOW'S VIETNAM

Two cheers for our side.

Say it to his credit, Stanley Karnow is no Sy Hersh. His book, *Vietnam: A History,** and its companion PBS television series, "Vietnam: A Television History," of which he is chief correspondent, mark a major stage in America's recovery from our Vietnam trauma. Author Karnow and producer Richard Ellison have fashioned the most important of quite a few recent studies of the war which employ analysis rather than demonology as their historical method of choice. Their attempt, as Karnow put it, was to be "impartial," "to show all sides in an evenhanded way." Such knowledgeable critics as Douglas Pike and Colonel Harry Summers think that by and large they succeeded. From his chair at the Army War College, Summers called the book "objective," "exceptionally well-researched." Pike, whose classic study of the Vietcong angered doves in 1966, judges it "a first rate popular contribution to understanding the war." Speaking for most of the TV critics, John Corry of the *New York Times* applauded the "delicate balance" of a series that "tries hard not to reach conclusions."

According to publisher's projections, the book will sell in the area of 300,000 hardcover copies its first year.

Over eight million people each week have watched the television series. Such numbers suggest that a decade after the war there is a distinct need to look back not in anger, but in search of understanding. As if aware that the project would be at the center of a national act of introspection, both Karnow and Ellison undertook their tasks with requisite gravity. Their approach is like that of two psychiatrists who want to walk the patient back through his trauma and have him see it in a clearer light, free of violent emotions and crippling blockages. "We tried hard not to load it in any particular direction," said Ellison. "In all good faith, we tried to do a responsible job that will enlighten, not obfuscate."

We can be grateful that Karnow and Ellison have risen above the exorcist tone that characterized many earlier attempts to account for Vietnam. Even as late as late 1982, while Vietnam veterans gathered around the war memorial, the *Washington Post*'s Robert Kaiser could be found declaiming how striking it was "that no one in command has ever been held responsible... there has never been a formal national accounting." Like other voices from the past, Kaiser blamed the war on aberrant

*Viking Press, $20.00.

Doan Van Toai, a student leader at Saigon University under the Thieu regime, is currently director of the Institute for Southeast Asian Policy Analysis. David Chanoff teaches at Harvard and is a free-lance writer. Their articles on Indochina have appeared in Encounter, *the* New Republic, *the* New York Review, National Review, *as well as* The American Spectator.

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psychopaths whose sins have not yet been expiated. Thanks to Hersh's prodigious belch of malice toward Kissinger, it's a notion that one suspects has run its course.

Vietnam: A History and its television counterpart, then, have moved us decisively from the theological perspective to the psychiatric. We are now allowed to look at ourselves not as miserable sinners who deserve the scourge and lash, but as intelligent and complex people mixed of altruism and selfishness, honesty and deceit. Karnow and Ellison acknowledge that we were often mistaken (God knows), ignorant, and insensitive—but not evil. When a veteran describes his nightmares over shooting an old peasant woman, we see not just the act, but the desperate circumstances imposed on soldiers in Vietnam. Even a Marine involved in a village massacre elicits understanding. "I watched guys laying there and crying for their mothers all night long, dying, slowly dying 'cause they can't take it...You get an angry eighteen-year-old kid behind a gun and he's just seen his buddy get killed, he's going to have no remorse about who's on the receiving end."

The word all this brings to mind is compassion. It extends even to Ngo Dinh Diem, who emerges as a three-dimensional human being of some integrity. On the screen he is a rotund, awkward man facing immensely complicated social and historical forces and handicapped by a rigid personality and impossibly antiquated conception of government. Most tragic of all is Lyndon Johnson. The enduring image is of LBJ hunched over a microphone speaking longingly of his social ideals, even while the necessities of office seem to demand a deepening commitment to the war. We hear and see the hardliners and softliners of those years: Rusk, Rostow, and McGeorge Bundy; Ball, Mansfield, and crusty Wayne Morse. And in the distance is "Old Ho," who should have been willing to cut a deal, but wouldn't. In his Texas way, Johnson personalized the war. It is one of the triumphs of these works that we are made to feel something of the pressures and conflicts that assaulted the man. As he put it to Bill Moyers, "I feel like a hitchhiker caught in a lightning storm on the edge of a Texas highway. I can't run. I can't hide, and I can't stop it."

But the virtues of both the print and screen versions should not obscure their defects. In the first place, Karnow and Ellison do not always maintain an air of detached sympathy. Traces of personal bias slip through, more often in the book than in the series. Karnow doesn't much like Kissinger, who was driven, he says, "by inexhaustible, almost primeval ambition." Karnow's view of Nixon is even less "detached": "Nixon seemed destined for disrepute. His political career began as it ended, with deliberate duplicity. . . ." Still, as C.V. Wedgwood remarked about a much earlier war, "The final dispassionate history cannot be written until the problems have ceased to matter. By that time it will not be worth writing."

More serious than the book's occasional personal animus is the structural bias of the television series, which undercuts Ellison's painstaking search for balance. The problem is that this history focuses on America's role in the war, and thus shows only half the picture, notwithstanding the absorbing historical footage of the first two episodes and the unusual interviews with Pham Van Dong, General Giap, and other Vietnamese.

Consider the following. Episode Three tells the story of Ngo Dinh Diem, "America's Mandarin." Among other events, it describes the shift of populations from North to South after the signing of the 1954 Geneva agreement. Nearly a million refugees flooded out of Ho Chi Minh's new republic, and PBS has come up with some remarkable films of their flight. Also shown is part of an interview with Edward Lansdale, the influential American intelligence operative who was running a propaganda campaign in the North at the time of the exodus. The impression conveyed is that the United States through Lansdale was deeply implicated in panicking the refugees. This was most likely not the case, as Lansdale himself states in a part of the interview excluded from the televised sequence. More important, there are no interviews with any of the refugees, many of whom now live in the United States and could shed light on Vietminh actions that caused them to flee their homes, farms, and ancestral graves. Thus, Ellison provides an unusual insight on American activities without any equivalent attempt to probe North Vietnamese conduct.

This pattern pervades the series. In Episode Eight, "Vietnamizing the War," the CIA's controversial Phoenix program is described through the use of PBS's striking multi-interview technique. Former Director William Colby tells of the operation's effectiveness in exposing and turning Vietcong cadres, but denies that torture or indiscriminate killing were part of it. Other accounts by an American field officer and a civilian nurse differ graphically from Colby's. Viewers are left with several vivid impressions from which to draw their own conclusions, but they will search in vain for a similar examination of the Vietcong's assassination campaign that wiped out a generation of South Vietnamese village chiefs.

More disturbing still is PBS's disregard for the politics of Ho Chi Minh's revolution. Through Vietnam's contentious history one uprising after another was spurred by patriotism, xenophobia, and an almost reflex refusal to abide foreign domination. In portraying the Vietnam war as a continuation of this two-thousand-year struggle, the series provides a valuable historical perspective. But it also largely neglects the looming fact that this particular nationalistic upsurge was Communist, not traditionalist, that the culture it brought with it was essentially alien to Vietnamese life. In this sense, the Vietminh and Vietcong represented a fundamental break with the past, but of this the viewer has scarcely a hint.

As for Ho himself, despite a brief run-through of his days in the Comintern, we learn little more than that "he personified the nationalist struggle." This is true, of course, as it is that he looked everywhere for support, even to the United States. But what of the other Ho? Not only was Ho a great Machiavellian, he was also an archetypal revolutionary organizer, a Leninist who knew all about gathering allies and when to strike. He had a special talent for eliminating or neutralizing rival nationalist leaders. As a man, a nationalist, an ideologue, Ho Chi Minh had as many sides as he had pseudonyms. You would think such a multifaceted individual would excite PBS's penchant for illuminating ambiguity. Instead, the producers adopted the easy course. Ho was a "moderate," "a nationalist more than a Communist," part of the seamless web of Vietnam's patriotic fight for independence. And so while we gain insight on American and South Vietnamese leaders, their North Vietnamese counterparts remain essentially one-dimensional and remote.

One predictable result of this imbalance is the suggestion that the U.S. bears the prime, if not sole, responsibility for the war's more horrifying tragedies. "Cambodia and Laos" (Episode Nine), for example, highlights American bombings, covert action, and deception. CIA men, ambassadors, generals, and secretaries testify; Henry Kissinger muses over whether we should have gone in. While they talk we watch the once happy Khmer devoured by savagery. But on the screen, no COSVN officials debate the fine points of Cambodian neutrality. No Northern Politburo members reflect on the decision to arm Pol Pot. No insiders candidly recount Hanoi's intentions for postwar Indochina. Consequently, it is American decisions and American faces that we see juxtaposed with scenes from the Cambodian charnel house. Whether intended or not, the message of American culpability is unmistakable. "Cambodia," declares Nixon, "is the Nixon doctrine in its purest form." What doctrine Le Duan and Le Duc Tho might have been following, one can only guess.

Another unfortunate feature of "Vietnam: A Television History" is its adherence to the wartime legend of imperturbable Vietnamese heroism. Interviews with Pham Van Dong, Vo

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Nguyen Giap, PAVN officers, and Southern guerrillas reveal little that is not inspirational. The theme of superhuman courage and endurance predominates. These people have no doubts, no remorse, no ambivalence. If an American infantryman agonizes over killing an old woman, Premier Dong proudly recites the martyrology of elderly fighters. If a Marine tries to explain American shooting of villagers, a guerrilla exults in the peasant collaboration that shielded his unit. At all levels we glimpse only (Communist) Vietnamese defiance and valor.

But epic poetry is not history. To understand the war we need to know that our antagonists in Vietnam were riven by anxiety and prone to catastrophic judgments and mistakes. We need a map of their mental landscape as well as our own. But PBS fails to provide it.

The shame of it is that the information is available. Not of course from Pham Van Dong, who made a career out of managing American opinion, or from Bui Tin, who as assistant editor of the *Army Daily News* is one of Vietnam's most competent propagandists. It's available from Vietcong and Northerners who today live outside Vietnam but were not interviewed. It is astonishing that we hear nothing from Hoang Van Hoan. One of Ho's oldest associates and a long-term Politburo member, Hoan in 1978 defected to China where he has since spoken with a number of Western journalists. What might he have told us about the Politburo's conception of Vietnam's geopolitical role. What a comment that would have made next to Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson's description of the domino theory. Truong Nhu Tang is not here either, though he was a founding member of the NLF and minister of justice in the Provisional Revolutionary Government before becoming a boat refugee. His comments on Hanoi's manipulation of the Southern nationalists would have corrected a number of American misconceptions. Nguyen Cong Hoan, deputy of the Unified National Assembly does not speak, nor does Vietcong Major Nguyen Tuong Lai, nor Le Dinh, captain in the People's Army Intelligence Bureau. Such men might have offered startling insights on the conduct and conscience of the Vietnamese Communists.

Because we get none of this, "Vietnam: A Television History" is fundamentally flawed. Time and again, PBS's lack of attention to Communist motives means that American decisions are associated with the screen's images of carnage and despair. On the other hand, because the narrator seldom offers any commentary of his own, the general viewer regards Giap's and Bui Tin's reflections in much the same light as Clark Clifford's or Dean Rusk's. In watching the series, there is no way to know that Vietnamese officials required interview questions to be submitted beforehand, or that, as Ellison told one critic, many of their answers seemed virtually memorized. Nor is it clear that the numerous Americans who talked with reporters could afford a plain-spoken honesty simply not available to the Vietnamese participants. For all its efforts to achieve impartiality, the television series is at best a one-eyed account.

Karnow's companion volume suffers from the same lack of candid Vietnamese reflection, though in all fairness the omission does not impair the book as it does the series. For one thing, unlike Ellison's attempt to achieve an "objective" documentary tone, Karnow is not ashamed to let his personal voice control the book's narrative. And Karnow the historian—as opposed to Karnow the television correspondent—evinces a critical wariness of his material and enough strength to acknowledge his own fallibility. (Early on he tells how he discovered in 1981 that two of his best Vietnamese contacts during the war had actually been Vietcong agents.)

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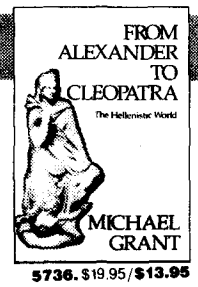

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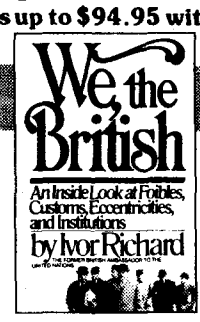

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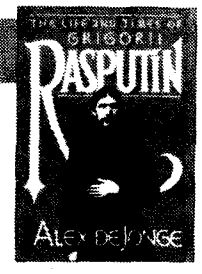

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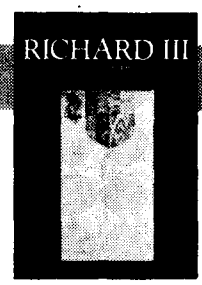

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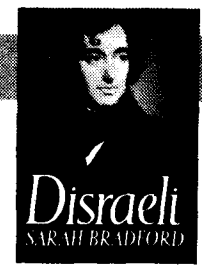

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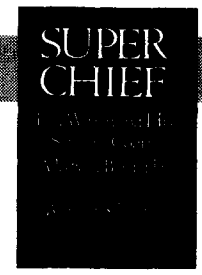

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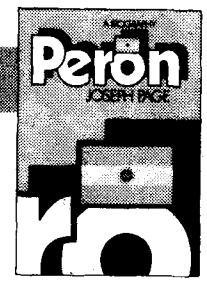

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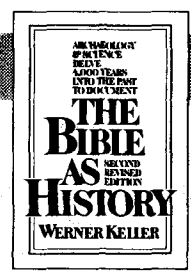

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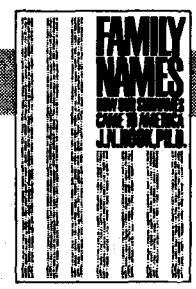

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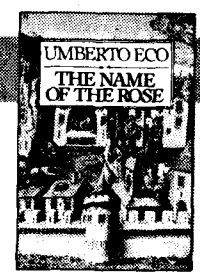

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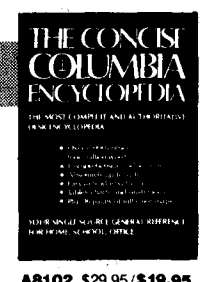

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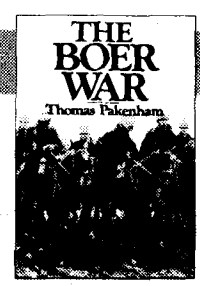

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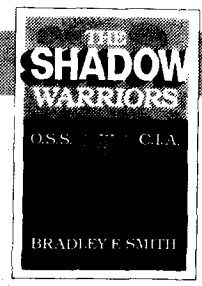

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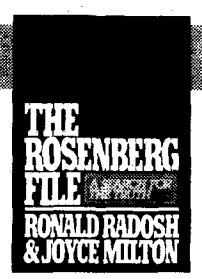

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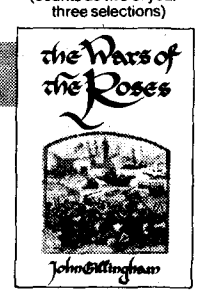

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For another, Karnow accurately reports, for example, that the 1972 Christmas bombings of Hanoi and Haiphong were carried out against military targets with extraordinary precision, keeping civilian casualties to a minimum. In his description he notes too that there were some mistakes: One stray bomb fell on a hospital situated near an airfield, killing 18 patients. On the screen the same incident commands major attention. There is a detailed interview with one of the surgeons, and a lengthy close-up examination of wounded children, all of which puts the bombings firmly in the domain of emotion rather than assessment. Karnow never succumbs to the temptation, regularly filling in small details as well as large. We learn that the police chief whose summary execution of a Vietcong prisoner was immortalized by Eddie Adams's camera had lost several men that morning to assassination teams, including one gunned down with wife and children. Throughout the book Karnow capably records the background information that puts the images in context, refusing to substitute drama for objectivity.

Still, one wishes Karnow had taken it upon himself to illuminate both sides of the story. As he puts it in the introduction, "The role of the historian is to depict the motives and debates that go into the formation of policies." Yet for all its detail, his book comes no closer to describing the inner workings of the Communist mind than does the series. It also overlooks the essential perspective of those who fought against us and are now willing forthrightly to describe their struggle. For Vietnam's true history is only to be found in the interaction between ourselves and our antagonists. And it is all too easy to mistake self-analysis for understanding. □

Ernest van den Haag

THE TOURIST MENACE

Suddenly, last summer.

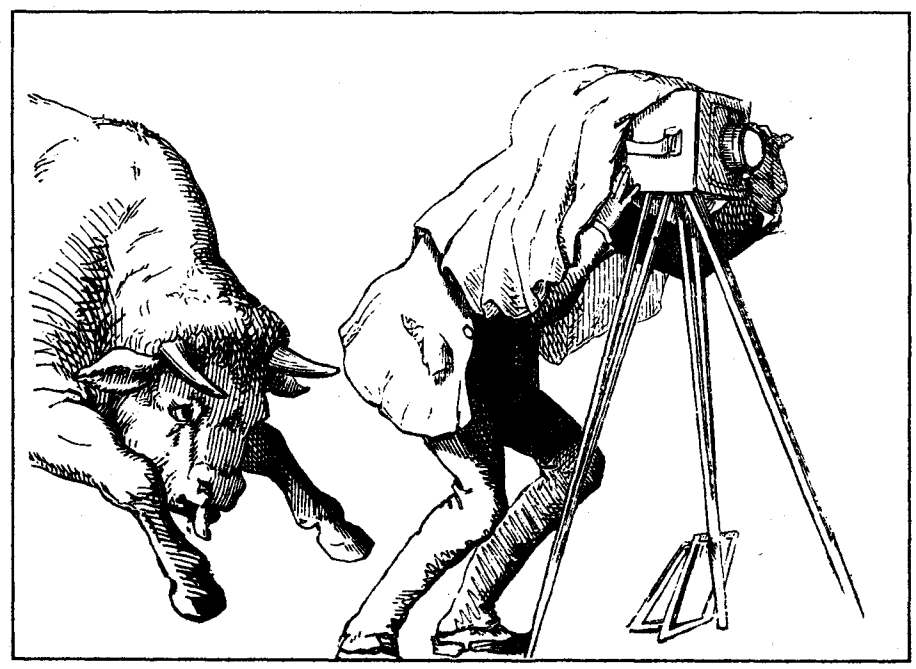
The fool that far is sent
some wisdom to acquire
Returns an idiot, as he went.
—George Witney, *Emblems* (1586)

Every summer vast masses of tourists slosh across the frontiers of Europe. They create excruciating bottlenecks, obstruct the views they came to see, disturb the peace they came to enjoy, and overwhelm the natives they came to observe. In the past tourists—people traveling for the sake of pleasure—were few. Today great masses are on the move every summer. They have time and money enough to travel seeking novelty and pleasure. Thought to be harmless and even beneficial, tourism is encouraged by all governments.

American tourists used to travel to soak up European culture; English tourists to get out of England; Germans traveled for adventure, often cheaply, forming a tourist underclass. French, Italian, or Dutch nationals rarely saw good reasons for leaving their native haunts. (Italians often were immigrants but not tourists.) But all national and class monopolies have been broken now. The upper class still tours but constitutes only a small (though economically important) segment of the tourist mass. Travel by bus, car, train, or plane is easy and takes less and less time; and it is cheap and getting cheaper every year. Packaged tours further reduce the cost. Tourism has become attractive and affordable to all classes.

Just as they are recruited from all classes so tourists now come from all age groups. Whole families spend their vacations abroad. But students, out for adventure, often go it alone. Old ladies travel around the world having nothing better to do. Packaged tours lure the retired from everywhere to everywhere while insulating them from any inconvenience and from contact with anything unaccustomed.

Tourists want change. They want to escape the familiar—but not altogether: Venetian restaurants, for example, advertise German dishes in German. In this respect American children are paradigmatic. Taken to soak up European culture they resist every which way they can. They want the familiar. They want hamburgers, not French cuisine. Why American parents think that children, or even teenagers, would appreciate French cuisine or culture is beyond me. They haven't been given the background for either. And children, even adolescents, are far too busy with growing up to have a genuine interest in past glories and foreign cultures. The familiar is not yet familiar enough for them to be interested in the non-familiar (except in escapist fantasies). The beach at St. Tropez is more popular than Chartres or Versailles. Young people isolate themselves to avoid being overwhelmed, just as some among their parents use guide books as weapons against the onslaught of the unfamiliar. While all feel obligated to have wine, they are also found sneaking Coca Cola. Germans are the same with their *Würstchen mit Sauerkraut*, and Italians with *pasta*.



Does travel broaden the mind? The evidence is ambiguous. The mind is largely a sifting device; ideas enter through the sieve of pre-established notions and prejudices (some held strongly, some weakly). What enters depends on the width of the holes in the sieve, on their location, on how easily they are enlarged, and so on. I have not found traveled people less opinionated or prejudiced about the countries they visited than people who have never been there. Travel often seems to reinforce the pre-established notions the tourist brought along, with only marginal modifications.

Even professional students of culture do not always manage to look at foreign cultures with pristine eyes. The anthropologist Margaret Mead wrote a perennial best-seller, *Coming of Age in Samoa*, describing Samoan adolescence and general culture. Her report reflected all the notions she brought there. It became a best-seller

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largely because it embodied the wishful thinking—free sex, no jealousy, no rape, no competition, everybody has a good time—she shared with her readers. If competent anthropologists find their pre-established notions confirmed abroad, can we expect tourists to do better? To be sure, the intellectual travelers who came back from Russia, Cuba, or China often were deliberately deceived by their host governments. But mostly they deceived themselves. Can we expect more from tourists?

Nor does travel necessarily produce greater tolerance, despite the dogma that more acquaintance, or more knowledge, leads to more tolerance and better understanding of others. Are divorced couples more tolerant of their partners after than before they married? History is replete with instances in which acquaintance, or familiarity, led to mutual intolerance.

Cultural enrichment—increased aesthetic appreciation and enjoyment of art and deeper historical understanding of foreign cultures—indeed may be fostered and enhanced by travel. But it does not seem to me that tourism, as now practiced by the overwhelming majority of tourists, can make history or art more fruitful for them. To begin with, the very presence of so many fellow tourists makes experiencing art and history hard, even for those capable and genuinely interested. But most tourists are not. They pay lip service to aesthetic and cultural goals, but do not take the time to prepare for their visits in the way required for their experiences to be aesthetically rewarding.

They do visit the monuments, churches, or museums famous enough to be described in the guide books. They allow themselves distractedly to be led through the Louvre, or the Uffici, or San Marco, where they produce bedlam. They take pictures and admonish the children to pay attention. But one need look only at the bored faces of the elderly being harangued by their tour guides to realize that they walk through the foreign culture only because they could not find anything else to do. They volunteered to go where they went—but they do not really want to be there and have long given up trying to understand what it is all about. It seems tiresome. The young are more enthusiastic. But mainly about each other. They submit but do not enjoy being dragged through one more church, one more museum.

Young and old snap pictures incessantly. A picture is worth a thousand perceptions. Tourists are so busy with the camera angle, there is no time for actual experience. The image is imprinted on paper, not on the mind. But the picture proves you were there. It is as though the experiences were quick frozen and stored up for later. Later? When? Picture snappers seem dimly aware that they cannot, will not, feel now the experience inchoately hoped for. So they resort to helping the camera. It has better eyes. Rather like taking home the menu instead of eating. And snapping photographs makes one feel creative as well; it certainly is more active than just looking: an art of sorts. Shopping plays an analogous role. So Michelangelo didn't make all that much difference to you. Perhaps you just weren't up to it. But you certainly are as shrewd as anyone when it comes to shopping. And unlike Michelangelo's *David*, the Gucci handbag or Givenchy scarf can be taken home to impress the folks back in Bloomington with your superior taste, acumen, and worldliness. Above all, shopping kills time. Tourists must kill time, lest it kill them.

To be sure, some tourists do reap the aesthetic rewards they expected and more. But only a small proportion of tourists are prepared to appreciate the cathedrals, the monuments, and the paintings they came to see. If, instead of the actual Titians or Leonardos, the museums, without telling, offered mediocre imitations, the majority of tourists would not notice. They see not art but brand names, not a painting but a Botticelli. Botticelli is not admired because of his paintings; the paintings are admired because they are by Botticelli (and, anyway, part of the tour).

Despite all these reservations, tourists obviously wouldn't be tourists if they did not, in some way, expect to enjoy being tourists or, at least, to enjoy touring more than staying at home. Perhaps this enjoyment, however produced, needs no cultural justification. But the enjoyment tourism produces must now be compared to the harm it does.

Consider the material harm. None of the things tourists seek out—old towns, churches, museums, forests, islands, the Leaning Tower of Pisa—were made for mass traffic. All deteriorate rapidly under its impact. However solid, a marble floor can be trod upon by only so many feet before becoming discolored, scarred, split, flattened, and, ultimately, pulverized. Nothing created in the distant past can stand up for long under the intensive and unforeseen use to which it is put now. Even what is not physically touched tends to erode from the pollution produced by cars, buses, and human traffic.

Not least there is a self-defeating element in mass tourism. One goes to the Sistine Chapel. But so many others do, it comes to resemble Grand Central Station. The perpetual crowd about the Mona Lisa means that time is rationed, so the best one can get is a distracted glance. Then there is the noise. Dozens of tour guides, jabbering to their respective flocks in dozens of languages, are a barrier to concentration. The tourists themselves feel as though in an immense airport, in transit, preoccupied with getting somewhere. The kids, under the indulgent eyes of their parents, try to eat ice cream cones in the churches. The parents dress as though for the beach. (In practice the churches have given up enforcing dress codes.) In the same way, those who seek nature and solitude in our national parks quite involuntarily find themselves among the crowd they had hoped to escape. Once it becomes a mass diversion tourism ineluctably becomes self-defeating.

Tourism does provide a major share of income not only to the distinctly travel industries—airlines, hotels, buses, restaurants—but also to camera and luggage manufacturers, to shops, and to the service industries that depend on tourists. Without this economic interest in maintaining and increasing tourism I doubt that any invaded nation would stand for tourism. Yet the money not spent on tourism would be available for something else. Less tourism would result in losses and in gains but in no overall loss.

Can anything be done? It would be a nightmare not worth considering to license tourists by bureaucratic

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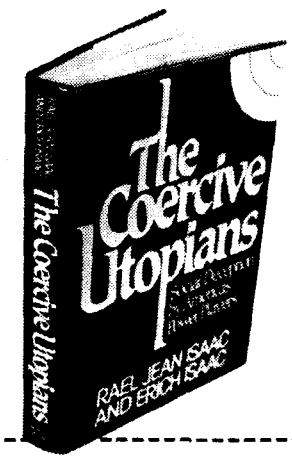

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means. Nor would it be desirable, or politically possible, to reduce tourism by making it so prohibitively expensive that only the very rich could afford it. Still, there is nothing unreasonable about making it expensive enough to deter those unwilling to pay for the costs they cause. The present policy of subsidizing airports, thruways, railroads, and museums ought to be reconsidered in this light. The price of gas ought to be increased via taxes. Buses and cars ought to pay reasonable fees when crossing frontiers. Cities visited by tourists should have high parking fees (which natives may lower by monthly rentals), especially for buses. Airport fees should be raised. Tourist taxes should be increased. Though this will not stop the growth of tourism it will slow it. Yet even this modest program would be bitterly opposed by the tourist industry.

There is another problem even more important than any feasible reduction of the growth of tourism. How can the monuments of the past be preserved for future generations under the onslaught of tourism? I suspect that tourists would come to Italy or France or Spain even if they could not enter a single church or museum. Now, however, they do flood and threaten all of them. How can they be preserved?

The preservation of the monuments of the past is more important than stopping the throngs of tourists. How can it be done? Museums are now supported with public funds. Visitors pay only a small fee which does not begin to cover expenses. That fee should be increased so as to equal the actual cost, amounting to, I should guess, no less than $25 per visitor for the Louvre or the Uffici. This fee is likely both to reduce the number of visitors by two-thirds and to allow those willing to pay to enjoy what they came to see. And it will indefinitely preserve the paintings and the buildings. The price seems high only because we are accustomed to paying next to nothing. Yet we are willing to pay more than $25 for a Broadway show. Seeing the Uffici should not be worth less.

The tradition of the churches is to let anyone in for nothing, or next to nothing, because, after all, people should not be charged for a chance to pray and worship. Yet tourists do not come to pray and worship. They come because the church is famous. There is no reason not to charge them what it costs to preserve the church, and to keep it open . . . again, something around $25. This would make it possible for those actually interested to enjoy their visit. And it will keep the church intact for future generations.

What about local worshipers, the pious poor, pilgrims? It would not be hard to provide members of local congregations, or local residents who apply, with identity cards, or to issue them to anyone who comes recommended by his hometown priest. Worship would not be hindered if tourists had to pay; on the contrary, it may become easier. The attempts of local bishops to preserve the religious function of their churches so far have not availed against the tide of tourists whenever the churches held celebrity status. For the churches to be preserved and their religious function continued, the number of tourists must be reduced.

None of these proposals would altogether solve the problems outlined. Tourists will come to Paris even if the Louvre becomes expensive, and to Venice even if St. Mark's charges admission. But the Louvre and St. Mark's will be better off. So will those actually attracted by either. The tourists who do not go will not lose anything they would have appreciated. Else they'd go and pay. Those who do go will finally be able to enjoy what they came to see. □

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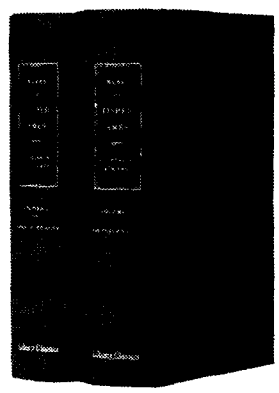

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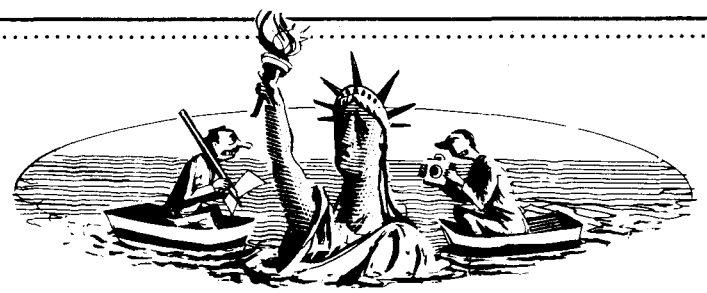

FOOLS FOR GRENADA

by Fred Barnes

Contrary to what has become the conventional wisdom among conservatives, the White House and the Pentagon were not entirely blameless in the squabble with the press over covering the invasion of Grenada. The night before the invasion, the White House lied—it may have been an inadvertent lie, but it was a lie nonetheless—in denying that an invasion was planned. If you think lying is admissible under the circumstances, fine; I don't. Regardless, the lying in this instance was unnecessary. A simple "No comment" or "I don't have anything I can give you on that" would have sufficed. At the Pentagon, there was a little too much joy in thwarting the press. Given the Vietnam experience, the joy was understandable. Still, it was excessive. Reporters surely could have been given full access to Grenada sooner, maybe two or three days sooner. Some sneaked in anyway without harming themselves, the military mission, or the truth. Both the White House and the Pentagon, wrote ombudsman Robert J. McCloskey of the *Washington Post,* "created needless controversy" that did not help the President. McCloskey is quite right.

Yet to its credit, the Administration did not play the fool in the Grenada episode. That familiar role was left to the sole dominion of the press. When its own interests are involved, the press routinely acts foolishly. This time, it was absurdly excessive in talking about "secrecy" and "censorship" as practiced by the Reagan Administration. The *New York Times* editorially likened what it called the Administration's "trying to keep the public in the dark" on the Grenada maneuver with the Soviets' refusal to allow newsmen near the spot where Korean Air Lines flight 007 was shot down. No kidding, that's what the editorial said. And it appeared the same day that the paper devoted three-quarters of its front page and more than five pages inside the first section to Grenada news. Some kind of secrecy.

The press failed to perform one of its fundamental duties—distinguishing between intention and reality. Certainly the White House and the Pentagon sought to control the flow of information about the invasion tightly, at least in the first two days. They failed. Information gushed out. But the press reacted as if the Administration's effort had succeeded. Thomas Shales, the TV critic of the *Washington Post,* called it "the little war that wasn't there—not there on the American television screen, where one would have expected to find it." He seemed to equate the absence of combat footage taken by network cameramen with no coverage at all. The networks, of course, had lots of film; it just wasn't of the Marines hitting the beach or the Army Rangers parachuting from 500 feet onto the Point Salines airfield. The public miraculously learned of both these the day they occurred. Folks found out the old-fashioned way: The Pentagon disclosed them and newspapers and broadcasters passed the information along.

Most of the press criticism of the Administration included the disingenuous reminder that reporters had been allowed to accompany troops on the major battles of World War II. "Why did he [the President] bar the press from the invasion of that small island as General Eisenhower did not feel it necessary to do when his forces challenged the might of the Nazis?" asked Anthony Lewis in the *New York Times.* He answered his own question, saying Reagan feared the real facts would come out and his reasons for the invasion would be exposed as empty. Well, they have and they weren't. But I suspect fear of the facts wasn't the reason the Administration didn't invite the press along. It was fear of the press.

In World War II, reporters did quite a lot of cheerleading. They also did some criticizing, but the press in those days hadn't adopted its current adversarial pose. (I shouldn't call it a pose; it's the real thing.) Anyway, reporters were often trusted by the Pentagon during World War II. And if they weren't, there was the practice of military censorship to make sure their battlefield reports weren't too revealing. Would any reporters nowadays submit to official censorship by their own government? A few, but not many. And should a reporter agree to rules of censorship and then defy those rules to break a story knocking the military, the press would more than likely bestow on him some sort of First Amendment Award. The press's sense of responsibility simply goes awry on occasion, as was demonstrated several days before the Grenada invasion when CBS News aired some film of John DeLorean's alleged drug dealing. DeLorean's constitutional right to a fair trial was jeopardized, but no conceivable public purpose was served. It's hard to trust people who would do that.

A segment of the press takes its duty to consist not in providing an account of events but in knocking down the government's stated reasons for these events. It is the gotcha approach: the government makes a claim, we come up with counter-evidence—gotcha. Seldom has the press's appetite for gotcha stories been more whetted than in the case of the Grenada invasion. What had reporters drooling was the chance to rebut the claim that the medical students on Grenada were in danger and needed to be rescued. Even before any of the students had returned, the *Washington Post* ran a story to the effect that "Americans in Grenada were not in danger before U.S. Marines and Army Rangers landed there yesterday despite President Reagan's statement to the contrary."

Only this gotcha story turned out to

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be both premature and wrong. This time the shoe was on the other foot: The press suspected the students weren't endangered, the students said just the opposite—gotcha. The press was left thunderstruck. In truth, you didn't have to be a knee-jerk cynic or Reaganophobe to be surprised that the students backed Reagan's claim as dramatically as they did. In their wildest dreams, Reagan and his aides couldn't have imagined students kissing the ground at Charleston Air Force Base or a self-confessed dove saying he was now the champion of the military or a woman saying that Reagan had saved her life "literally." The *Washington Post* more than made up for its misguided gotcha story. Its report of the students' return was better than any other publication's, with reporter Ward Sinclair writing that the students "painted a tableau of fear, bloodshed and chaos."

The trouble with the press is that it wants to play two roles at once, the relentless adversary of the government and the eyes and ears of the public. But the two don't always fit well together. The public wants eyes and ears, but probably not ones that are poisonously adversarial and self-righteous about it. As ever, the press admits to no conflict between the two. In barring reporters from accompanying the invading forces and then from circulating freely around Grenada, the Administration wanted to make sure the public reached the "right conclusion," wrote Richard Cohen of the *Washington Post*. The way to achieve this, he said, "is to silence one side of the debate." Now, that's a nice way of putting it, except that this was not some congressional fight over curbing the Freedom of Information Act. It was a life-and-death situation, one in which the press's proper role was to do more than provide "one side of the debate." That's the job of Walter Mondale, Alan Cranston & Co., not the press.

Despite playing the fool in the spat over restraints on coverage, the press did remarkably well in actually reporting the Grenada story. Several papers recounted the initial reaction of the rescued students, then returned to them a few days later to make certain the students' accounts had not been revised by cooler-headed hindsight. *Newsweek* recovered flashily from a year or more of being trounced by *Time*. Its extensive coverage of the war was strikingly superior, especially its piece on Fidel Castro's thwarted intentions in the Caribbean. Amazingly, a reporter and photographer for *Newsweek* flouted the Administration's rules and slipped into Grenada on their own, interviewing Grenadians and American soldiers, taking pictures and returning to tell about it. Strange are the ways of secrecy and censorship. □

THE NATION'S PULSE

A NEW CONSERVATISM

by Lewis Lehrman

In 1982, as many readers of *The American Spectator* know, I ran for governor of New York. In the months that have passed since the election, there has been no shortage of experts to explain my loss. Some say I put too much emphasis on public order, a crackdown on crime, and the restoration of the death penalty. Others claim my call for a 40 percent tax-rate reduction was out of touch with the inevitable economic fate of socialism in one state, as in New York. Still others argue that my unapologetic defense of traditional family values was passé in a world of singles bars and palimony lawsuits. My opponent, Mario Cuomo, said after the election that I sounded too much like Ronald Reagan.

I take pride in that comparison; but the real reason for my defeat, I believe, goes much deeper. There was in fact a secret anti-red suspender campaign against me! Indeed, it was the only anti-red campaign ever supported by the New York City media. Wherever I went journalists would ask, "Lehrman, why do you wear red suspenders?" My answer was forthright: "I wear them to keep my pants up." Reporters, however, are trendy, and some press gurus saw my poor red suspenders as another great conservative issue, like the Panama Canal. On this one, I shall not yield. I bought them, I paid for them, and I'm going to keep them.

Right now we may have the most conservative President we are likely to see in our lifetimes, a President dedicated to thorough-going reform of our nation's institutions in order to uphold the everlasting and constitutional values that made our country prosperous and free. Now, unfortunately, there is drift concerning how best to attain the goals of the Reagan mandate. If there is anything I have learned as a rookie politician, it is that to establish a goal without the appropriate means to reach that goal is to court political disaster. On this issue, there is a split today between conservatives that hobbles us. It is a division between those who sincerely believe in a slow, gradual reform and those who favor more activist measures.

It is not a new problem. Thirteen years ago, Frank Meyers made the following observation:

> There is a real contradiction between the deep piety of the conservative spirit towards tradition, the preservation of the fibre of society, and the more reasoned, consciously principled, militant conservatism which becomes necessary when the fibres of society have been rudely torn apart, when . . . revolutionary principles ride high, and *restoration,* not preservation, is the order of the day.

In this spirit, I would argue that the times demand activist measures if we are to restore the liberties and values that have been systematically subverted for over a generation. Consider, for example, three pressing areas in need of reform: the tax system, the federal judiciary, and our monetary system.

For the second year in a row, we are facing a budget deficit of colossal proportions. Yet what has been the response? More taxes: a tax on gasoline; a tax on health benefits; a double payroll tax on the self-employed; a tax on Social Security benefits; a tax on petroleum production; a contingency surtax on personal and corporate income. This tax increase does not invoke the shape of a more limited government. No one can seriously believe that Congress will really use these taxes to balance the budget. Following established procedure, they will be used merely as an invitation to more spending.

What we ought to be doing is moving in the exact opposite direction, toward *lower* taxes and control on expenditures. In a recent book called *Low Tax, Simple Tax, Flat* Tax,* two economists from Stanford, Robert E. Hall and Alvin Rabushka, have developed an impressive case for a flat tax. Their evidence suggests

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Lewis Lehrman is founder of The Lehrman Institute, a public policy forum for the study of economics and foreign policy and state and local government problems. He is co-author of The Case for Gold, *and has written for* Harper's, *the* Washington Post, *the* Wall Street Journal, *and other publications.*

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that a simple tax system with a single rate of no more than 19 percent—and I believe it could be 10 percent—would produce the same revenue as our present system. Moreover, this estimate is modest: It does not even consider the dynamic incentives for growth a freer market would produce. It makes no assumption about how much revenue would be drawn from our underground economy.

History has shown, however, that states and nations with high rates of taxes tend to have high rates of tax evasion. In New York, for example, which has some of the highest taxes in the U.S., it has been estimated by the State Assembly that $3.5 billion is lost annually to the underground economy due to income-tax evasion. A fair tax such as the flat tax would do much to end such evasion, because it is simple and it is fair. Under such a simple flat-tax regime, tax shelters for the rich will yield to increased incentives for greater production and income for all.

The real economic gains would be astonishing. But it is also a more equitable system. It would exempt the first $10,000 or more of family income from any taxation at all. Mortgage deductions could be preserved. The new tax form would be simple enough to fit on a postcard. Finally, it is populist in the best sense of the word; that is to say, plain people—American citizens—could understand it without the aid of a corps of overpaid advisers.

But if the federal tax system shows how much Washington is dipping into the taxpayers' pockets, a glance at the federal judiciary reveals its incessant encroachment into the most minute areas of everyday living. The whole federal union, indeed, has been undermined by decades of digging up and discarding local and state powers. Nearly three years ago, in his State of the Union Message, President Reagan boldly called for a New Federalism for our nation. But the New Federalism has been shanghaied by an incremental, across-the-board, bit-by-bit budget strategy which treats programs more or less alike. Though promised comprehensive decentralization of the federal government's role in our lives, we have gotten nowhere.

Consider for a moment the dismal record of such intervention over the past ten years. Abstract, legalistic court standards have uprooted and replaced organic community standards. Regulatory agencies have tied up at great cost not only citizens and businesses but local and state governments as well. The nation as a whole has witnessed a stunning rise in violent crime and vicious public immorality, celebrated in the media and with the seeming support of our government. All this has happened as federal courts, assuming for themselves the power of the legislative and executive branches of government, usurp the community's authority to set neighborhood standards and values by which they freely consent to live.

This has happened because the federal government has strayed from its constitutional purposes. In a free society, the first purpose of government is to protect its citizens—their lives, their liberty, and their property. But no effort to secure public safety for honest citizens can work as long as judges are insulated from the outrage of their peers, namely, U.S. citizens. For this reason, judicial recall at the state level and limited judicial terms at the federal level are absolutely necessary. No public official—executive, legislative, or judicial—ought to be able to pervert the intention of the Constitution and to hold the public will in contempt. Judges must be accountable directly to the American people, from whom the Constitution derives its just authority. Initiative, referendum, and recall are fundamental elements of our democratic conservative tradition.

Accordingly, it is time we establish a federalism amendment that would allow local communities, consistent with the intent of our Constitution, to set and uphold neighborhood values, free of the interference of all-powerful federal courts. It should not be necessary (as it currently is) for states and communities to appeal every sweeping decision of unaccountable judges by means of a Constitutional Amendment. A federalism amendment would get at the root of popular discontent, not by enacting individual issues as amendments—very difficult to do—but by limiting the scope and power of the federal judiciary itself. American citizens would thus regain the direction of their families, schools, and neighborhoods that has in the past few years been taken away from them.

Above all, if there is any symbol of our national disorder, we need look no further than our own degraded paper currency, once the enduring hallmark of American world leadership. For a generation, Keynesians have believed that we could fine-tune monetary policy through seven members of the Federal Reserve Board who would try to determine the quantity of money in circulation. In the process they have destroyed our monetary standard and wrecked our capital markets, once the eighth wonder of the Western world.

The gold dollar was for two centuries the standard that made our money the unimpeachable currency of world commerce. Only twice does the Constitution speak of money: first, it prohibits the states from making anything but gold and silver coin a legal tender; second, it grants to Congress the power to "coin" money. The word coin is explicit, and in the context of this document means the coinage of gold and silver money: The constitutional debates at Philadelphia unconditionally ruled out the power of the federal government to "emit bills of credit" or, as we call it today, inconvertible paper money. A gold monetary standard, or currency, legally convertible to gold, is in fact the only authentic money of our Constitution.

But in 1971 we abandoned this most fundamental American economic yardstick, by which commercial values since 1792 were to be objectively and democratically determined. To some extent, it was a result of academics who taught that the gold standard brought about harsh and cyclical swings in the economy. Yet the record speaks otherwise: Under the Bretton Woods gold exchange standard of the 1950s and 1960s, we had interest rates of 3 to 4 percent, and rapid economic growth. Budgets were modestly imbalanced and unemployment rates averaged about 4-5 percent. Under our managed paper currency and flexible exchange rates during the 1970s we witnessed the highest inflation rate in our history, two of the worst recessions, one of the slowest growth decades, up to 11 percent unemployment, and some of the highest real interest rates in 2,000 years of Western history.

It is true that economic reforms are necessary. But deeper still in the nature of the Republic is the assumption of the traditional family values of the American people—faith, work, duty, hope—without which no society can endure. In his farewell address, George Washington gave us a good doctrine:

> It is substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. . . . Of all the habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert [religion and morality,] these great pillars of human happiness.

This has been the guiding doctrine behind my proposals. A just and equitable tax system, a responsible federal government, and a just and honest monetary standard—reflections of the traditional national standards which guided Americans for two centuries.

There are those who will say that these solutions are simplistic; or that, however correct, they will generate too much opposition to carry through. My reply is that the fundamental answers to our current problems are simple because the values for which we stand are everlasting. I do not underrate the number or power of the obstacles to be overcome. Nor do I underestimate the skeptics to be persuaded. But if the American people were not ready to consider major change, they never would have elected Ronald Reagan in the first place. □

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AMONG THE INTELLECTUALOIDS

GUILT TRIP

by Charlotte Hays

There were eight of us on the trip to Togo—"working press" from the (Nashville) *Tennessean*, the *Scranton Times*, *Essence* magazine, National Public Radio, and one or two other publications. Most of us had simply received an invitation from Togo's U.S. public relations representatives and had decided to take them up on the offer.

Judy, a pretty black NPR woman with cornrows, carried tape-recording equipment everywhere. Her interest on the trip was feminism and the women of Togo. Cleora, who works for a major midwestern daily, said she had come to experience her African roots. A San Francisco free-lancer named Sasha had come prepared; he wore a pith helmet with mosquito netting. As far as I was concerned, it was a junket pure and simple. My conscience was salved by the knowledge that Evelyn Waugh took them all the time.

Before leaving, I had only the vaguest notion where Togo was: some place in West Africa. Formerly a French Mandate, Togo has been ruled since 1967 by President Eyadema, a portly man in uniform whose visage beamed out at us from numerous billboards and photographs. The economy is "mixed," but the president controls the army and the country's only political party, the *Rassemblement du Peuple Togolais.* Its aim is "to awaken the national awareness of the masses and the elite," according to literature we were given.

Although Togo has been independent since 1960, the French are still everywhere in their white shorts and funny hats. A Frenchman is included in the cabinet and is a personal adviser to President Eyadema—none of which went down very well with Sasha and several black reporters. Elaine of *Essence* magazine, for example, was "distressed by the implications" of the continued French presence. But a U.S. official told me at a cocktail party that the French help keep the lid on things politically.

We were all disappointed not to meet President Eyadema, who was on the savannah participating in war games with Togolese and French troops. I sensed a certain discretion on the part of the Togolese whenever his name came up. Despite rumors that Eyadema personally shot his predecessor as the latter was climbing a wall into the U.S. Embassy compound in search of asylum, the president is considered "good" by African standards. A popular shopping item with our group was a Mickey Mouse-type watch featuring an Eyadema face that lights up at intervals.

We did, however, meet with a chieftain named Prince Heritier A. Plakoo Mlapa. His printed business card describes him as "Dr. En Divinité-Médecine Occulté-Libre." Although he is a regular stop for tourists, the prince confused our group with a delegation from the U.N. He delivered a well-worn speech, as though for the 100th time, welcoming us as "peace makers."

Another royal Togolese we met, Assiakoley IV Adjete, from a dusty town named Agbodrafo, wore bifocals and a white ruffled cap that looked like a baby's bonnet. He proudly displayed relics from his ancestor, Mensah I, a notorious slave trader of the 1850s. A woman was asleep on the dirt in his courtyard (a common sight), and I tactlessly violated the group's "taboo" against noticing the obvious: I suggested this might be a sign of poverty. Sasha glowered at me from beneath the brim of his Doonesbury-style helmet.

As I learned on my trip, the era of the Ugly American is gone. He has been replaced by a cultural supplicant who dares to notice only the superiority of Third World countries. Although I was terribly tempted to twit my companions with Blimpish remarks ("Aren't the French marvelous to stay on here!"), I tried to obey the etiquette.

One scrupulously observed rubric of conduct was to avoid noticing Togo's economic situation. Given that the annual per capita income is around $300, this was extremely difficult. Togo is the 36th poorest country in the world. A relief officer told me that there may be as many of 30,000 leprosy victims in Togo (population 2.3 million), and polio is still common.

The sights generally confirmed this. We walked by rubbish heaps in the town of Togoville and drove past villages that would be considered appalling even in Appalachia. We saw a young man sitting in a popular fetish market (a ghastly array of bird and monkey skulls and primitive sculptures), his nose eaten away by disease, but nobody gave him a second look. When some Togolese youths playfully surrounded our European touring bus, trying to sell a native goat-dish crawling with flies, Elaine looked on the bright side. "Well," she said, "they sell horse meat on the streets of New York—at least this is *fresh*."

Another tacitly-agreed upon rule was that we were never, ever, to apply our Western Values to what we saw in Africa. But of course it was their right to apply their African Values to us. Cleora became a victim of this phenomenon one night while walking to her bungalow at the fancy hotel where we stayed in Lomé, the capital city. Assuming that any black woman at such a pricey place

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(especially one in slacks) *had* to be a prostitute, a guard jumped out from behind a bush and chased poor Cleora. This made her sulky for the rest of the trip.

By this time, it was rather obvious that the hot topic with our group was the Status Of Women. Several female journalists were eager to learn whether the Togolese sisters shared their feminist ideals. This was one display of Western Values that our guide, Mr. Alli of the High Commission for Tourism, had apparently anticipated. Accordingly, he had arranged an interview with one of Togo's wealthy female cloth merchants. These women are called Nana Benzes because they go about in Mercedes-Benzes.

We drove down an alley in Lome and arrived at the comfortable residence of the Nana Benz. Our Nana Benz, a plump, barefoot woman in her sixties, sat relaxed in an armchair. Tape recorders and notebooks were dutifully brought to the ready. The questions were routine until Judy, crouched on the floor and holding her mike up to the Nana Benz, raised the issue of feminism; had the Nana Benzes acquired political influence? The Nana Benz stirred in her chair and replied that the merchants canvass for President Eyadema, promote his "ideologie," and try to let the people know that he is the "only salvation" for Togo. (This may be why they get to drive about in Mercedes-Benzes.)

"I'm glad to hear that!" Judy said, and a few minutes later she concluded into her tape recorder, "The women of America have much to learn from the women of Togo."

My own feeling was that it might have been more pertinent to inquire about the Status Of Men in Togo. Most of the country's roadside markets were manned by women, and women could be seen trudging along highways carrying gigantic loads on their heads. The men, by contrast, appeared demoralized; few were working. Many were lying about drinking beer. Feminism is one Western Value that somehow doesn't apply in Africa.

Yet the effect of our visit to the Nana Benz was somewhat marred for the feminists by the repeated assertions of our regular hotel waiter that he was "a polygame." He proudly told us about his three wives and ten children and boasted that "men are on top in Africa." Cheerfully he explained his sensible formula for choosing his bed partner for the week: It is whichever wife does the cooking. At his comment that he was in the process of seeking a fourth wife, Judy bristled.

The next day, most of the group journeyed to Benin, a Marxist country said to be excellent for buying baskets and native art. But I was having bus phobia, and so decided to remain behind and explore Lomé—along with Togo's U.S. public relations woman and a *Boston Globe* reporter who was sheepish about being on a junket. But the day was busy enough.

First of all we visited what appeared to be a noonday disco where people were doing "the chicken." It turned out to be a funeral. That night we had a drink at the Hotel du 2 Février with John Bennett, a young, Harvard-educated Third Secretary at the U.S. Embassy. (The hotel was named for the day in 1974 when President Eyadema nationalized one of the largest mining companies in Togo.) As we took the elevator, Bennett pointed out that the number of the floors skipped from three to eleven. President Eyadema had wanted the 35-story building to be the "tallest" in the region, explained Bennett, and this was the only way to do it.

Upon arrival in the piano bar on the "35th" floor Bennett regaled us with some stories about the presi-

NO GROWTH

Over 150 years ago, Martin Van Buren, then Governor of New York, wrote a letter to President Jackson warning him that further development of the "evil" new railroads would disrupt business, boost unemployment, and weaken defense.

January 31, 1829

To: President Jackson

The canal system of this country is being threatened by the spread of a new form of transportation known as 'railroads'. The federal government must preserve the canals for the following reasons:

One. If canal boats are supplanted by 'railroads', serious unemployment will result. Captains, cooks, drivers, hostlers, repairmen and lock tenders will be left without means of livelihood, not to mention the numerous farmers now employed in growing hay for horses.

Two. Boat builders would suffer and towline, whip and harness makers would be left destitute.

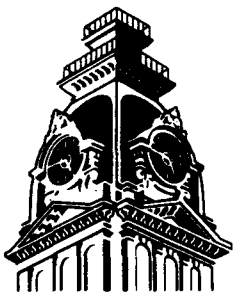
Three. Canal boats are absolutely essential to the defense of the United States. In the event of the expected trouble with England, the Erie Canal would be the only means by which we could ever move the supplies so vital to waging modern war.

For the above-mentioned reasons the government should create an Interstate Commerce Commission to protect the American people from the evils of 'railroads' and to preserve the canals for posterity.

As you may well know, Mr. President, 'railroad' carriages are pulled at the enormous speed of 15 miles per hour by 'engines' which, in addition to endangering life and limb of passengers, roar and snort their way through the countryside, setting fire to crops, scaring the livestock and frightening women and children. The Almighty certainly never intended that people should travel at such breakneck speed.

Martin Van Buren
Governor of New York

Luckily for America, the leaders of Mr. Van Buren's day, men of vision and hope, did not share his fears.



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dent. One involved Eyadema's coming to the rescue of some fishermen whose boat had been menaced by a whale. The president climbed into a helicopter and personally shot the whale: quite a blow to the Save-the-Whale sensibilities of a member of our group who had been singing Eyadema's praises all week long.

The day we left Togo we each received a copy of a gorgeously illustrated coffee table book entitled *The Last Africans*. The book was a gift from a Swiss hotelier who owns an expensive new hotel in Lomé. According to its jacket, the book was "conceived by a European for Europeans," and in it the author writes rather fondly of the African ritual of roasting and eating a pet dog (a sacrifice of "something one loves"). As for such African practices as the Somba tribe's use of self-immolation, which are more difficult to portray in a flattering light, the author cautions Europeans not to focus on the "outward forms" of such rituals but to understand "what their justification is." He reminds the Europeans that Europe brought only war, exploitation, and Christianity. The last "deprived" Africans of their true religions and left them "uprooted."

My impression was that the citizens of Togo see things differently. One of the busiest spots in Lomé was the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart—a place of such imperialistic relics as incense, genuflections, and stylized frescoes of traditional saints. German missionaries completed the cathedral in 1912. It was packed every time I walked past it.

While I chatted with Père Touvi, a priest dressed completely in white who had been born in a Togolese village and studied in Rome, the children from the cathedral school were being dismissed for the day below Père Touvi's balcony. The children sang some songs in French and then marched out, satchels in hands, to the beat of an African drummer.

Although the Togolese government provides public education, families scrimp to send their children to Catholic schools. Père Touvi told me that all the country's "higher ups" patronize church schools. He also told me that the Church is growing rapidly in numbers in Togo—one Lomé parish, for example, recently baptized 500 adults in a single day.

My last memory of Togo: As we sat in the humidity of Lomé's airport waiting for Air Afrique to take us back to New York, Elaine sneezed with a cold. Judy turned to her and said, "You must be allergic to America." □

POLITIQUE INTERNATIONALE

KATIS VS. ELENI

by Taki

Christmas 1944 was a bad time for us. There wasn't much to eat, and Athens had become a nightmare city of skeletal figures searching for food, falling dead, and lying unburied. There were epidemics of cholera, typhus, and diphtheria. Our house, which was located in the choicest part of the city, near the British embassy, had no heat, no electricity, and no running water. We spent most of our time crouching on the floor and slept underneath our beds. Although only seven, I was already a veteran. Bombs didn't scare me as I had been hearing them drop for three years. What I minded was that as Christmas neared the incoming fire was being directed at us not from the sky, but from a hill three blocks away.

It was just about that time that my father told us that his factories had been blown up by the Communists. It was their way of thanking him for refusing to collaborate with the conquering German armies and for closing them despite German threats to his life when he did. Father wasn't surprised, however. He knew all about the Communists through the resistance. Their one true enemy was never the Nazis. It was any Greek who wasn't a Communist. Throughout the four years of occupation the reds spent more energy and time betraying nationalists to the Germans than fighting the enemy.

Christmas Day came up gray and wet. My father stationed himself inside the Italian armored personnel carrier he had managed to get his hands on after the Italian surrender in 1943. We waited for them crouched on the floor, and around mid-day they began approaching. I believe my father told me there were about twelve of them. When they came out in the open and were about to attack he let them have it with the machine gun he was manning. The few that he missed beat a hasty retreat.

We were, needless to say, among the fortunate. Hundreds of thousands of Greeks were murdered by the Communists that winter and over the next four years. Priests, civil servants, teachers, policemen, the well-to-do, anyone who was not a Communist sympathizer, was executed. Mass graves filled the gardens of Athens and littered the countryside. For years following the Communist coup more and more bodies were discovered—victims, all of them, of the "red terror."

I lost two uncles and somebody very special to the butchers, but that is beside the point. The death of Eleni Gatzoyiannis, the murdered mother of former *New York Times* reporter Nicholas Gage, is not however. Nick Gage left the *Times* in 1980 to devote himself to uncovering the murderers of his mother, and his recent book, *Eleni,** tells her story. His description of village life in Greece is flawless. Women were held at an almost subhuman level. Yet it was they who tilled the land alongside their men, who herded, sowed and harvested, apart from doing the domestic chores and bringing up the children. (How typical that a feminist reviewing *Eleni* in the *Sunday Times* of London concentrated almost entirely on this aspect, as if Gage had written a lament for women's rights.)

When Communists occupied her northwestern village, Eleni immediately began planning an escape for her children. The reason? A small fact that the one-time employers of Nicholas Gage have never made as big a fuss about as, say, Watergate, or South Africa. I am talking about the round-up of children between the ages of three and fifteen, children abducted at gunpoint and forced to accompany the Communist troops into Albania and Bulgaria, where they were inducted into camps to be brought up as Communists. Their mothers were beaten for their lamentation and mourning.

Not possible, you say. Not even Genghis Khan would have gone so far. Not only possible, say I, but true. More than fifty thousand children were taken from their mothers and marched to the Communist paradises bordering on Greece. The only thing I wonder about is whether it was worse to be among the 150,000 the terrorists butchered or among the surviving parents whose children were taken from them and turned into hard-core Stalinists, some of them still active both inside Greece and out.

This novel experiment in creating pure Communists was called *pedomazoma*. The horror of it is unspeakable, though not as unspeakable as the reaction to it of liberal-left elements. Lillian Hellman, a liar of mythological proportions, was defending Stalin while it was going on, and cocktail party girl propagandists like Christopher Hitchens prefer to blame the victims themselves for what the rewriters of Greek history call the civil war.

There was no civil war, just an armed uprising by Communist stooges. When Tito fell out with the butcher at the Kremlin and closed his borders, the Greek Communist insurrection was doomed.

Unlike my father, Eleni wasn't equipped to defend her family against

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the terrorists. So she did the next best thing. She organized their escape through Communist redoubts with a party of other women and children, but at the last moment she and her daughter Glykeria were forced by the reds to stay behind to work the fields, and so Nicholas Gage left with his two elder sisters, his aunt, and grandmother, never to see his mother again. For her actions Eleni was brutally tortured and finally executed. Villagers were intimidated into saying that she was pro-American (like many Greek males her husband was in the United States, working as a waiter) and that she indeed had tried to help her children escape. A capital offense.

She was dragged up a ravine on bleeding feet from the *falanga* (yes, the Communists were using *falanga* long before Hollywood invented it as the symbol of right-wing Latin America) and shot. Her body was thrown down a gully and left to rot, unburied.

The men who ordered her torture and execution were higher-ups in the Communist hierarchy of Greece. Some of them are back in the birthplace of democracy at this minute, enjoying the pardon and recognition given them by Karamanlis in 1974. They are no better or worse than some of the people Warren Beatty admires; murderers like Fidel Castro, or Pol Pot. Such are the joys of Communist seduction of the media that their crimes are now referred to as the holy war against fascism (which makes Eleni, I guess, a fascist).

For more than 450 pages Gage describes his mother's life and the hardships she went through to ensure her children's survival. His Javert-like pursuit of the men who murdered her comes to fruition when he finally locates those still living and confronts them one by one. The man most responsible, one Katis, turns out the most arrogant. He almost brags about what he did to the women and children. Gage wants to kill him, but in the end decides that his mother would not have wanted him to avenge her through bloodshed.

In one memorable passage Gage recounts the horror he felt in 1974 when he realized that the newly legalized Communists were setting in motion the machine that rewrites history in order to glamorize the terrorists in the eyes of those not old enough to remember:

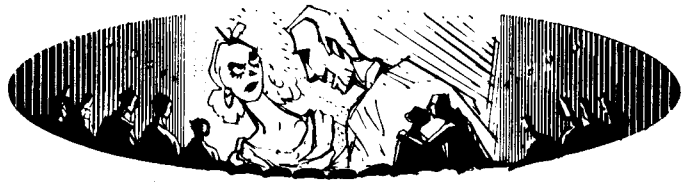
> Once in my village I overheard a friend about my age arguing with his nephew, a 22-year-old university student. The uncle was saying to the boy, "Didn't they break up our family, drag your grandmother, your mother and me out of our village and put us in camps in Hungary for six years?"
>
> "They did it for humanitarian reasons," the boy replied levelly, "to save you from fascist bombs."
>
> "What about the hundreds of thousands they executed in occupied villages? Was that 'humanitarian?' " his uncle persisted in a louder voice.
>
> The boy's eyes narrowed. "They probably had good reason."

—this in a country where seven people out of ten lost members of their families to the red terror.

In 1976 I published an article in the *New York Times* claiming that the Soviets were behind the Greek press campaign against the United States. I was pilloried by the press and given 16 months in jail for libel. (Six years later the *Times* stringer in Athens confirmed my story: The Soviets do subsidize many Greek newspapers.) While the campaign against me was going on I went to the *Times* for help. Gage was in the room, and the only thing he asked me was, "How is your karate going?" and "How is your yacht?"

I should have answered which of my three yachts did he mean, but finding myself inside the *Times* building I was feeling a bit nervous, like an honest man among moneylenders, and so I said nothing. I know one thing: I would not have done what Mr. Gage did when he finally found his mother's killer (but then neither would I have been able to track him down). Gage seems to bear no grudges, but I do. It's just that mine aren't limited to the killers. □

THE TALKIES



THE RIGHT FLUFF

by Martha Bayles

Insofar as the function of the press is to debunk, Tom Wolfe is a charter member of the corps. In *The Right Stuff,* his 1979 book about the Mercury space program, he gleefully goes after everyone—from politicians to NASA bureaucrats, engineers, and medical researchers—whose official dignity can be satirically contrasted with his morals, motives, or table manners. But when it comes to the astronauts themselves, Wolfe engages in a different sort of debunking, aimed not at the astronauts but at the press, for insisting that all seven of the first chosen were dedicated family men, ardent patriots, and devout churchgoers.

The point of Wolfe's book, part of which originally appeared in the pages of *Rolling Stone,* is to replace this squeaky-clean image with a more accurate picture of the hard-drinking, high-flying, loose-living subculture of the military test pilot, from which the seven astronauts were recruited. Wolfe knocks off the astronauts' haloes, but not to make the men underneath look bad. On the contrary, he wants to make the press look bad, for hanging the haloes there, and to make the real astronauts look good. His main target is *Life* magazine, which he says tailored the astronauts' reality to suit its conventional readership—which is a bit ironic, since to some extent Wolfe does the same thing for his unconventional one.

Among the first seven astronauts there was one who stood out as the media favorite, not only because he was handsome and articulate but also because he seemed genuinely to embody the values the press was fond of attributing to the group as a whole. This standout, of course, was John Glenn—whose sincerity Wolfe acknowledges, if only to say that the other six found it laughably absurd. Using the late Gus Grissom as a mouthpiece, Wolfe scorns the ethic of "God, country, home, and hearth" in favor of the astronauts' true code, "Flying & Drinking & Drinking & Driving"—the unbuttoned life-style that was a necessary corollary to the icy, taciturn courage required of fliers whose daily chance of coming down in flames was one in four.

Yet Wolfe gets trapped in his own logic, because no matter how much license it may take, the test-pilot subculture is like any other subculture: ultimately dependent on, and defined by, the larger culture of which it is a part. The salient fact about test-pilot craziness is that it exists within the most rigid of frameworks: military orders to show up at dawn ready to risk one's life. Wolfe exposes this framework when he concedes that even the cynical Grissom would reply, if asked, that "yes, he was religious, and yes, he was a family man, and yes, he was a patriot." A test pilot may feel justified in lapsing from these standards, but that doesn't mean he rejects them philosophically.

Here is Wolfe's full definition of "the right stuff":

> . . . a man should have the ability to go up in a hurtling piece of machinery and put his hide on the line and then have the moxie, the reflexes, the coolness, to pull it back in the last yawning moment—and then go up again *the next day,* and the next . . . and, ultimately, in its best expression, do so in a cause that means something to thousands, to a people, a nation, to humanity, to God.

Pretty noncommittal, considering that presumably the cause must mean something to the test pilot, too. Wolfe takes this odd stance because he has got the concept of a subculture confused with a concept he is more familiar with: that of a counterculture. This confusion comes out even more clearly in Wolfe's ambivalence toward Glenn, whose glib facility as a spokesman he admires (along with the rest of the journalists), but whose "Dudley Do-Right" values he disdains. The trouble is, Wolfe attributes the same ambivalence to the other astronauts, when really, theirs is the

Martha Bayles is film critic for The American Spectator.

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opposite. They are taken aback when Glenn opens his mouth at a press conference—something test pilots don't ordinarily do. But to judge by their actions as recorded by Wolfe, they don't necessarily spurn what Glenn affirms. They start nodding and agreeing, which Wolfe interprets as jumping on the public-relations bandwagon, learning to manipulate the media, and so forth. A less contrived interpretation might be that they were simply nodding and agreeing.

At another point, Glenn chastises some of the other men for continuing their swinging sex life while in astronaut training—a dispute which Wolfe presents as highly principled on both sides. Yet when the others end up going along with Glenn, Wolfe admits that they realized they were in the public eye and ought to toe the line. What Wolfe won't admit is that the line was already in their minds—Glenn didn't put it there.

Thus Wolfe works hard at making a contrast of style appear a contrast of substance. To be fair, however, his book provides such a wealth of background material, readers don't have to concur with his conclusions. For example, although he speculates that Glenn's "little moral lecture" was meant to impress the higher-ups and get him picked for the first flight, Wolfe also reminds us that a strict Ohio Presbyterian like Glenn does not view ambition as incompatible with virtue. Wolfe even compares having the right stuff to being one of God's elect, thereby suggesting that Glenn's Calvinistic world-view was not all that out of place among his fellow test pilots.

Unfortunately, this depth of background does not make it into Philip Kaufman's recent movie. Predictably, the critics have praised the performance of Ed Harris, the relatively unknown actor who plays Glenn, for having, as *Time* magazine puts it, "more charisma than the original." What this means is that Harris has a glint in his eye, an offbeat way of delivering his lines, and a gaudy, grinning charm which suggests that he couldn't possibly mean all the corny things he's saying. In the words of Pauline Kael, this version of Glenn "is perfectly capable of using patriotism as a put-on."

Well, that's a relief. The mixed message of Wolfe's book has become neatly clarified. Wolfe's half-serious speculation—that Glenn's clean living and fastidious morality were part of a cunning plot to beat out the other astronauts—becomes, in Kaufman's film, a certainty. Except for one or two occasions, Harris's Glenn is never *convincingly* self-righteous. His speeches are all too heavily laden with irony, self-parody, little winks at the camera which seem to say "Be cool, good people, I know what I'm doing."

And when he does get impassioned, it's not about hokum like God or America. It's about his wife, who stutters and therefore doesn't want to be interviewed on TV, or visited by a particularly repulsive rendition of Vice President Johnson. I think it's nice that Glenn sticks up for his speech-impaired wife's right to privacy. But I also think it's quite revealing of the Hollywood mentality behind this film that this is practically the only episode in which straight-arrow John Glenn gets played straight.

Likewise the legendary Chuck Yeager, the test pilot's test pilot, who is held up in both book and movie as the avatar of aviators. Tom Wolfe makes a big fuss over Yeager, for his bravery and for the fact that he (and others) were flying the X series of rocket planes almost as high and almost as fast as the suborbital flights of the Mercury astronauts—only the latter were more passive in their capsules, and upon splashing down after a single flight, got oodles of money and glory and fast cars and ticker-tape parades down Fifth Avenue.

Wolfe feels strongly that Yeager's heroism is unsung, so quite rightly sets out to sing it. He also provides background: the fact that Yeager hails from Hamlin, West Virginia and never lost his Appalachian twang; that as a commandant at Edwards Air Force Base in the early sixties he resisted pressure from the Kennedy Administration to promote a black astronaut ahead of better-qualified whites; that after his stint at Edwards, he went on "to fly more than a hundred missions in Southeast Asia in B-57 tactical bombers."

Needless to say, such a man presents even more of a challenge to Hollywood than John Glenn. A cracker who was against affirmative action, and dropped bombs on the Vietnamese? These are not the desired traits of a contemporary Hollywood hero—which may be why the screenwriter before Kaufman cut Yeager from the script. Kaufman has restored him, or rather his name; but at the price of eliminating whole dimensions of the man—as he eliminates Glenn's public statements about the rewards of teaching Presbyterian Sunday school.

So instead of Chuck Yeager we get the avant-garde playwright Sam Shepard, smirking handsomely on horseback beside the experimental X-1, which somehow has stopped looking like the plane that broke the sound barrier and begun looking like the latest in men's fashion accessories. Shepard's entire performance, in fact, seems inspired by Ralph Lauren—I kept looking for the "Polo" trademark. Whether Shepard can act or not, it's hard to say. In both the films I have seen him in—this and *Frances*—his role is so hemmed in by countercultural strictures about acceptable masculinity that there is almost nothing left for him to do except drink whiskey, breathe slowly, and look good in clothes.

Wolfe's book tries to retrieve reality from pious, manufactured myth. A worthy enterprise, but I for one find it hard to stay upset about *Life* magazine's old myths, when Hollywood keeps coming up with new ones. Having reduced John Glenn to a grandstander, and Chuck Yeager to a wisp of pure trendiness, Kaufman must have realized that his film wasn't going to have much to affirm. Take away the context of traditional American values within which these people really functioned, and you have precious little left except ambition and jingoism trying to punch a hole in an empty sky.

So what did Kaufman do? Well, first of all, he tried to fill the gap with a slimmed-down version of family life: Glenn's and Yeager's NOW-approved, mutually respectful relationships with their wives. For patriotism he couldn't do much except show Russian scientists cackling maniacally whenever the first few American rockets go up in flames. Religion, now, that must have been a toughie. After all, the film is dealing with *space*. The *heavens,* and all that. It wouldn't do to have John Calvin, but what about Carl Sagan? And what American film director can forget all those popular Australian movies in which the Aborigines cast spells on the white folks?

The choice was clear: In order to restore a transcendent dimension to the story, Kaufman decided to bring in a band of Aborigine tribesmen near the remote Australian command center, who could then show their support for the Mercury program by chanting around a bonfire and fanning the sparks upward into the darkness. Meanwhile, out in orbit, to the strains of *The Planets* by Gustav Holst (who does not receive a credit), the bonfire sparks miraculously transform themselves into "celestial fireflies," the cloud of mysterious lights which Glenn reported swirling around the capsule, and which Scott Carpenter later decided were emanating from its surface.

It would be thrilling to imagine that the Aborigine elders were behind us on this thing, sending shamanistic blessings up through the ionosphere. But apart from enjoying the music and the visual effects, I couldn't help thinking that this sequence was a pretty contrived substitute for honest reference to the actual beliefs, transcendent and otherwise, that buoyed aloft this most fervent phase of the American space effort. But that's the way Hollywood functions nowadays. *Life* magazine may have hung haloes on the astronauts, but leave it to Philip Kaufman to drape science-fiction tinsel in their crewcuts. □

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BOOK REVIEWS

THE POLITICS AT GOD'S FUNERAL: THE SPIRITUAL CRISIS OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION

Michael Harrington / Holt, Rinehart & Winston
$16.95

Mary Tedeschi

In his Heidelberg lectures of 1848, Ludwig Feuerbach announced his principal aim: to change "the friends of God into friends of man, believers into thinkers, worshippers into workers . . . Christians, who on their own confession are half-animal and half-angel, into men—whole men." A new era in religious thought had begun. Theology, once the domain of believers, was now redefined as a secular humanism that would liberate religion from itself. And so, with Feuerbach as its exemplar, the modern tradition of serious atheism took root. Far from despising theology, the anti-theologians turned to it in deadly earnest and created a wholly novel tradition of secular-humanist scholarship.

In *The Politics at God's Funeral,* Michael Harrington places himself within this tradition of dissent. He is a self-styled atheist and "cultural Catholic," a "pious man of deep faith, but not in the supernatural." At the very outset, this provocative self-description poses an interesting question. The first serious atheists had their work cut out for them; there were Bibles to rewrite, traditions to invert, whole centuries of thought to enlist in the cause of liberation. But in the latter half of the twentieth century, when the most prominent theologians in the world are already, in Harrington's own apt phrase, "doing the work of Nietzsche in the name of Christ," what is left for an atheist theologian to do?

The answer, of course, is politics. Harrington's purpose is to explore "the political consequences of the disappearance of the Judeo-Christian God"—a disappearance which, in his view, cannot be understood apart from the machinations of "late capitalism." His exploration ranges over two centuries of obituaries for the dying God: from the German metaphysicians, who cast Him out in the name of idealism, to the theologians of today, who report the latest non-sighting of the *deus absconditus.* The discussion is exhilarating and frustrating by turns, for Michael Harrington, atheist and Marxist, writes with all the irony and outrage of the consummate apostate Catholic. Thus the eighth chapter of his book, "God's Christian Burial," is perhaps the most incisive and scathing treatment to date of certain custodians of Christian orthodoxy—those who responded to modernity by capitulating to it. There is much here to warm the hearts (and fuel the prejudices) of those who still harbor misgivings about Protestant existentialism and Vatican II. There is much that is convincing elsewhere as well; Harrington's ringing indictment of the Enlightenment *philosophes,* whose contempt for religion was equalled only by their cynical toleration of the believing masses, is a case in point.

Still, a question nags the reader throughout this rich account of the Western spiritual condition: Why has Michael Harrington, atheist and Marxist, labored so long over the history of a quintessential illusion? The answer, like his argument throughout, is deceptively simple. Late capitalism, having done so much to destroy the spiritual fabric of Western society, has created a common enemy: "the humdrum nihilism of everyday life." This crisis, Harrington asserts, calls for a united front of believers and serious atheists; they must commit themselves to a "common transcendental which is neither supernatural nor anti-supernatural." As for the proper politics of this united front, Harrington concludes by reciting the principles, "threadbare from misuse," of democratic socialism.

It is a deceptively simple argument because Harrington's premises, speculative at best, are also contentious—when, indeed, they are not contradicted by the facts. Consider his treatment of the claim, so central to the project of this book, that religiosity is declining in the West. It is a familiar lament—or was, until evidence mounted of the American fundamentalist revival. Harrington acknowledges this revival, but insists that the overall decline in religiosity "is corroborated, not contradicted, by the recent arrival of a fundamentalism whose desperate orthodoxy tries to will the departing deity back into existence." This is not the reasoning of a sociologist; it is jesuitical. He also cites the fact that Moral Majority candidates did rather poorly in the congressional elections of 1982. Here, Harrington misses the point completely. As Marx himself argued against Bruno Bauer, it is the very separation of church and state which allows American society to be the most religious in the world.

Harrington's case for the steady erosion of religiosity becomes weaker still if we consider—as he does not—the condition of the Church elsewhere in the West. It is true that liberation theology, itself an example of diluted (if not decaying) belief, has attracted a following throughout Central America and Brazil. Less well-known, however, is the simultaneous appearance of *religiosidad popular,* an anti-political and anti-intellectual devotional movement now found throughout Latin America. As Paul Johnson notes in his recent book, *Modern Times*:

> While theologians at the Universities of Tübingen and Utrecht were diminishing the total of Christian belief, strange charismatics in the slums of Mexico City and San Paulo, of Recife and Rio . . . were adding to it. The first group spoke for thousands; the second for scores of millions.

By these appearances, at least, religion—even in industrialized parts of the West—is surviving the best efforts of its prominent spokesmen.

Of course, Harrington's argument is not simply empirical. Its more speculative component, equally familiar, is that capitalism—in particular "late capitalism"—is hurrying along the decline. "Late capitalism" is defined only once in 308 pages; it is capitalism "increasingly run by the visible hand of the state." If, as Harrington asserts (he produces no evidence for this), "late" or state-run capitalism is the culprit, then why not vigorously affirm capitalism *simpliciter*? Or why not argue, as does Michael Novak in *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism,* that a free market economy, conjoined with democracy, has proved the only system in the world which safeguards religion itself? Michael Harrington cannot answer these questions, for he has not really told us what "late capitalism" is. And if he did, we may be sure, his politics would lead him off the path of reason and into the poppy fields of Marxist taxonomy.

It is sad to see debate so quickly foreclosed. It is sadder still that Harrington, in his earnest call for a united

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front, is blind to the most obvious fact of all: No modern ideology has proved so systematically hostile to religion as Marxism itself. Harrington tries to avoid this problem with an appeal to the "real" Marx of humanism and toleration. It is an ideological mantra, the favorite of Marxists everywhere. There is no point in entering the sectarian debate; the "other" Marx has had his theoreticians and his day. In the end, Harrington must be called to account for his own desperate "orthodoxy." He is, as Hans Ehrenberg once said of Feuerbach, "a true child of his century": a "non-knower" (*Nichtkenner*) of death, and a "misknower" (*Verkenner*) of evil. Most of the religious lambs who lay willingly with Marxist lions have long since been devoured. Their numbers make a bitter mockery of any call, however well-intentioned, for future coalitions of this sort. □

WRITERS IN RUSSIA: 1917-1978
Max Hayward, edited and introduced by Patricia Blake
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich / $22.95

Herb Greer

The nerves of Russia are uncommonly important to us, and so are her social nuts and bolts, so far as we can spy them out across a wide linguistic and political abyss. It follows that the products of Russian writers have a special interest for the West. When a man comes along with the singular talent for opening this difficult field to us he deserves the most generous praise, and his work ought to be handled with the greatest care. In this book there is a little less care than praise. With its generous preface by Leonard Schapiro and a long, affectionate introduction by Patricia Blake, *Writers in Russia: 1917-1978* seems at first not so much a monument of scholarship as a sort of literary dolmen or cairn to Max Hayward himself.

By these accounts he was a formidable eccentric in the British tradition: a marvelous if erratic companion, brilliantly talented, something of a drunk and a depressive, and a tremendous amateur in the best sense of the word, with all his heart in his work, though lacking the careerist flair for slotting into a corporate environment. His great love was languages, of which he knew several. Among these Russian took pride of place, and with it he developed his superb gift for translation. He gave us the English versions of Nadezhda Mandelstam's great memoirs, *Hope Against Hope* and *Hope Abandoned*; through him we know Olga Ivinskaya's *A Captive of Time: My Years with Pasternak*. He was the co-translator of *Doctor Zhivago* (in which the character of Lara was based on Ivinskaya) and of Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. Working with others he also provided versions of writing by Mayakovsky, Isaac Babel, Yevgeny Schwartz and (among others) later authors like Andrei Amalrik and Andrei Sinyavsky.

Herb Greer is an American writer and playwright living in Europe.

This book is deceptively titled. It is not a long and systematic essay on twentieth-century Russian literature but a set of prefaces to other people's work. This is not to say that the material is thin or trivial; but there is an occasional oddity which appears to be the result of haste or carelessness, e.g., the opening chapter's assertion that the Russian Empire passed away with the Romanovs. In general, however, these relatively short pieces are full of the sort of detailed discussion that comes only from a man who knows his stuff. Above all they offer a good deal of useful background to the one aspect of Russian literature which colors its appearance in the West: the peculiar relationship between writers and the political fabric of society. As Hayward shows, this is not exclusive to the Communist scheme of things, but goes well back into tsarist times, at least as far as Pushkin.

Possibly our greatest problem in dealing with Russian writers is a residue of cliché which clings to the Western perception of Russians and their culture. Hayward himself is not always free of this. In the middle of his account of the Russian (nineteenth century) Empire, one stumbles across:

> The most impressive testimony to the collective genius of the peasantry is the Russian language itself. None other—not even the closely related Slavic languages—can match it in its breathtaking resourcefulness.

This type of special pleading is understandable in a man who has spent far more time inside books than among Russian peasants. Even so, Hayward might have seen that such a proposition—aside from its flimsiness on *prima facie* grounds (collective genius?)—is a stale dreg of the mystical rhetoric found in certain Russian writers of the last century, and not rare in this one. In America it was vulgarized into the image of the half-savage Russian with *soul*, so well known in the show business, popular songs, and jokes of the 1930s and 1940s. Standing outside it, Hayward might have pointed to this type of guff as a necessary reminder that we are still encumbered by a popular cartoon of the Russians as whiskered or lantern-jawed barbarians using stolen technology, the natives of a semi-Asiatic world quite apart from our own. This is not a nitty, minor point. It can help to explain, for instance, why the liquidation of tens of millions of Russians carries less emotional impact in the West than the murder of six million Jews by Middle European Germans. Feeling that life among Asiatic barbarians is cheap, the cliché-prone Westerner can hate Hitler with a virulence that does not extend to the late and bloodthirsty dictator of Russia and his system. After all, Hitler's victims were mostly from among our sort; indeed Hitler himself was one of us, and so hideously offensive in a way that Stalin was not and is not felt to be. Thus it becomes easier for apparently sane people to excuse Stalin and even to praise him.

Another prejudice or bromide has been heavily reinforced by Western media treatment of dissenters and writers such as Pasternak and Solzhenitsyn. This casts Russia as a fundamentally unstable society, seething with popular discontent and held together only by the ruthless

There was nothing civil about it . . .

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pressure of a Communist elite and its ubiquitous secret police force. It follows that if this minority of brutes can be swept aside by a dissident-led movement of some kind, the mass of the Russian people will support this uprising and turn Russia into a free country just like ours. But as the word indicates, the dissidents are a minority and a small one. They are at odds not just with the Russian government and most Soviet citizens (without whose toleration and support the government could not function), but with each other. The dissident movement both inside Russia and among émigrés and exiles is complex, harboring fierce disagreements and often diametrically opposed ideas about the way Russia ought to evolve. Some of this is sketched out by Hayward in an interesting section on Solzhenitsyn and the Russian tradition, highlighting a few of the strands of debate in the dissident movement, and reminding us that some dissidents, like Solzhenitsyn, are harsh in their criticisms of Western society as well.

The editor is not very helpful in this context. Patricia Blake writes that Hayward "acted as the custodian of Russian literature in the West, until such time as it could be restored to Russia." The condescending idea that Russian writing was at some point dissected out of Russia seems absurd. The tie between a nation and its literature is not severed by the mechanics of political repression, and it is clear from Hayward's accounts that this did not happen in Russia even during the terrible Stalinist era. There is a more comprehensive treatment of the problem in *Russian Writers and Soviet Society: 1917-1978* by Hayward's colleague and drinking companion Ronald Hingley.* In a way that Hayward's anthology does not, Hingley illuminates the stabilizing factors in Soviet society, and comments:

> We must avoid suggesting that all writers of the Soviet period have necessarily felt intolerably frustrated by the restrictions to which they have been subjected. Admittedly some of the best original talents have suffered unbearable psychological tension and severe cultural paralysis. However, many others have positively thrived in literature's hot-house atmosphere, as it has been well called, without being unduly exposed to successive freezes and thaws . . .

One of Hayward's anecdotes provides an unexpected sidelight on our own experience of Russian authors, partly by contrast and partly as it were by echo. This is a report of a government propaganda exercise in 1948—a poetry reading which filled the largest auditorium in Moscow. The attraction was not the theme ("Down With the [Western] Warmongers!") but the knowledge that Boris Pasternak would appear. Hayward, working for the British Embassy in Moscow at the time, was present. To the delight of the crowd Pasternak declined to speak on the official theme. Instead he recited some prewar work, which the audience knew well enough to prompt him when he forgot a line. It is hard to imagine such an audience at a Western poetry recital, even for the pop-star performances of Dylan Thomas. But there was something else besides an intimate acquaintance with and love of the poetry. Hayward's account makes it clear that the occasion had a kind of Roman excitement about it, with many there to taste the spectacle of a poet defying a government which might at any moment crush and kill him, as it had done to his friend and colleague Osip Mandelstam. (Those who entertain the idea of Russian leaders as boorish philistines who care more for guns than poetry may be interested to read Hayward's guess as to why Pasternak was not killed for his defiance. It would seem that Stalin had a kind of superstitious regard for him, which extended to others like Anna Akhmatova. These survivors did not have an easy time of it, but they did continue to produce marvelous work.)

That Roman excitement has a strong and—I sometimes think—vicious analogue in the Western media response to dissidents, especially authors. Among us writing suffers more financial exploitation than it does in Russia, where the political factor tends to dominate. But our publishers and journalists are ingenious and manage to combine the two very profitably, using publicity which presents a crude picture of the writer of quality (and only of quality) as a gladiatorial dissident. When we outside the specialist world think of Russian writing, this tends to shape our impression of these authors, and of Russian literature. It is a pity, because there is far more to this story than the questions of whether writers are spiritually and/or politically "on our side." Either by accident or design Hayward's posthumous collection is made to pander a little to the gladiatorial prejudice—but only a little. With close attention plus a bit of supplementary material (I strongly recommend Hingley's book), Americans should find this work more absorbing, richer, and more sobering than they may have imagined. ☐

*Random House, 1979.

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THE MIDDLE OF MY TETHER: FAMILIAR ESSAYS

Joseph Epstein / W.W. Norton / $14.95

Mark Lilla

For nearly ten years now Joseph Epstein has published a regular essay in the *American Scholar,* that remarkable quarterly he edits for the Phi Beta Kappa society. You will not have noticed his name on the cover or contents page, though, since he chooses to write under the *nom de plume* "Aristides" (a.k.a., "the Just"). I assume it was for reasons of *plume* and not of *guerre* that he originally picked up the *nom*; Epstein is a writing man, not a fighting man. And what a fine writing man he is. Like many loyal readers of the *American Scholar* I turn first to Aristides when the issue arrives, expecting to be amused and charmed. I always am. But only in rereading this latest collection have I realized what rare and valuable gifts Epstein has, and how unfortunate it is that the essays are not more widely read and appreciated. He is, as one of his own hapless students might put it in a term paper, extremely *sui generis* in his own individual way.

The subjects of his essays are not of the moment; to my knowledge he has never used his space to write about the pressing problems of nuclear strategy, surrogate motherhood, post-structural semiotic film criticism, or the Decline of Western Culture (DWC). Instead, each essay is devoted to an eternal human concern: books, the mail, clichés ("The Ephemeral Verities"), faces, names ("Onomastics, You and Me is Quits"), vulgarity, movies, memory, pens, juggling, childhood, generalizations. Beginning with reflections on a recent conversation or postcard received, Epstein knits and purls his anecdotes, selectively dropping the appropriate aphorism (by Santayana, La Rochefoucauld, Montaigne, Karl Kraus, Yogi Berra), concluding with his serious punch line buried in a clever little joke.

How might we characterize these "familiar essays"? The dust jacket puts Epstein "in a tradition that has come down to us through such writers as Montaigne, Lamb, Hazlitt, and George Orwell." Close enough, but the blurbist misses all that is distinctly American in these essays. In his musings on face, Epstein confesses that his own mug has at various times been compared to those of Sal Mineo, Ken Berry, Walter Kaufmann, and Lee Harvey Oswald. His writing has the same composite quality, though here I would put him in more flattering Yankee company: Mark Twain (the essayist), H.L. Mencken (the serious), Ring Lardner, E.B. White, and James Thurber.

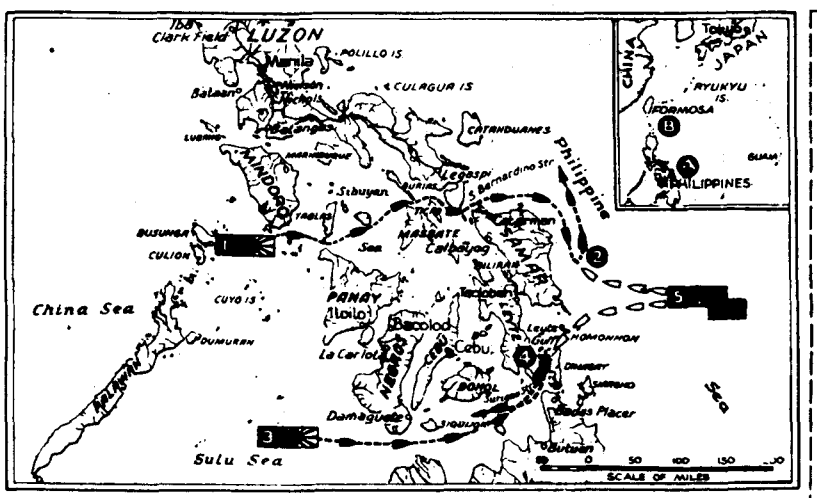
Even these comparisons don't quite fit because Epstein is writing essays in less hospitable times. We have come to distrust the cozy, knowing style Thurber and White popularized in the old *New Yorker*; the politicization of that magazine has made the first-person plural seem downright sinister ("We were talking to two Sandinista friends in Maine last weekend . . ."). The essayist also has a tough go of it in this age of the professor; he must publish in magazines that print words like "simplistic." (Why not "simplistical," or "simplisticatory," or "simplisticalistic"?)

Epstein's work is all the more remarkable coming as it does from someone known to attend faculty meetings. Perhaps this is why under his stewardship the *American Scholar* has become one of our leading intellectual quarterlies: Epstein knows how the new academic barbarism can snuff out good writing, and is determined to use his pen and editorial pencil to keep the civilized essay alive. Some have wondered whether the Aristides essay belongs in the front of a serious periodical, with serious pieces by Hugh Trevor-Roper, and Richard Rorty, and Hilton Kramer, and Jacques Barzun, and E.D. Hirsch. But *American Scholar* works in a way other literary quarterlies do not precisely because Joseph Epstein the editor is also his own ideal reader, and Aristides the writer simply presents the private musings of that reader. There would be no editor without that ideal reader.

What should the ideal *American Scholar* reader be like? He should first and foremost be comfortable with his own learning. He should be learned without being ostentatious, intellectually earnest without being tortured or pedantic, skeptical without being cynical. And he should *love* books—all books. The concerns of the bookish are Epstein's concerns: how to write a book preface; how many books to read at once; guilt from not reading enough books; guilt from reading too many books; how to stop buying so many books; is there life outside books, and if so, where can we read about it? In "Bookless in Gaza" he asks, "if there is a Heaven, will it contain books?" He concludes that it will, but in hell "there will be no actual books, but

Mark Lilla is Executive Editor of the Public Interest.

U. S. DEFEATS JAPANESE NAVY: ALL FOE'S SHIPS IN ONE FLEET HIT; MANY SUNK; BATTLE CONTINUES



SEA POWER OF LAND OF THE RISING SUN SHATTERED IN BATTLE

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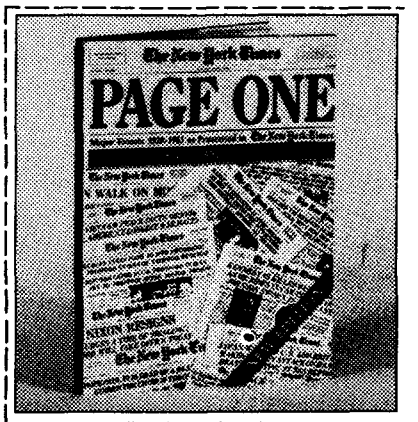

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only bound volumes of the *New York Times* op-ed pages."

Joseph Epstein was born and educated in Chicago, and today lives a short distance from where he grew up. This pleases him. He bravely admits of a pleasant, comfortable upbringing (in "The Crime of a Happy Childhood"), and complains of no extraordinary barriers or burdens in his professional life. (These are revealing psychological admissions. What terrible youthful trauma must have induced such powerful denial?)

The one burden Epstein does not mention is Chicago itself. God pity the Chicago writer (and painter, and scholar), and God save us from him. Either he lets his exile from the East Coast turn him into a defensive, tedious bore—"actually, the restaurants are quite good here," "the museum is one of the best in the world," "the symphony is one of the best in the country"—or he becomes a self-assertive bully who never lets you forget how hard-boiled he really is. Bullying other intellectuals is so easy in America. We all want education and success, and we are all ashamed to have either. So we cultivate and preserve our proletarian roots—real or imagined—and use them to beat up our bourgeois betters. There is no better way to shut up someone from Scarsdale than to tell him you come from Detroit, or Cleveland, or Milwaukee (since no one comes from Brooklyn anymore). American intellectuals can take anything but being out-proled, and the grandmasters of this sport are Chicagoans.

But Joseph Epstein wears his Chicago lightly. He loves the city because it is home, the way Mencken loved his Baltimore—though in "You Take Manhattan" Epstein confesses to an ambivalence about Gotham that the Sage would never admit. Epstein isn't Mencken (he would be the first to say), though they do share a rootedness that is reflected in balance, sobriety, and wit—qualities one can easily lose in the transfer station that is New York.

This is not to say Epstein is immune to the contemporary intellectual angst; he is, you might say, our leading psychoanalyst of it. The games intellectuals play with themselves are his stuff: the neuroses, anxieties, overcompensations, denials. Knowing this I thought Epstein might like to learn about my recent discovery of the "shame game." When I finally met him, I told him how it is played: Several intellectuals sit in a circle and, one by one, admit to having not read various famous writers—Fielding, Keats, Schopenhauer, you name it. The object is to have not read more books than anyone else (without, of course, embarrassing yourself too much). A longer and much funnier account of this game was given in the next Aristides column—without attribution. Having nearly been quoted in print for the very first time, and feeling cocky in knowing where Epstein got the story, I cleverly arranged a conversation so I could drop this impressive tidbit on one of my colleagues. He was not amused; it seems I had cribbed the game from him, and how dare I pass along *his* clever story (without attribution) to a well-known writer? It was, I like to think, an Epsteinesque situation.

If there are Epsteinesque situations, there are also Epsteinisms. Half the reason to read Aristides is to savor (or crib) his *mots justes* and those he collects from others. Most of them are difficult to render out of context. He is at his wicked best on the academy. In the essay on cliches he speaks of:

> the ephemeral veritists, those philosophers who sail in on a phrase—Norman O. Brown ("polymorphous perverse"), Marshall McLuhan ("the medium is the message"), Herbert Marcuse ("repressive toleration")—and sail out again. Perhaps some day they will be used as names in an intellectual trivia game—let's call it Doctorate. Pick a question card: "Who in the late 1960's said that in an insane society the most truly sane person was a schizophrenic?" Answer: the English psychiatrist R.D. Laing. If you answered incorrectly, return to another year as teaching assistant at Eastern Illinois University. If you answered correctly, take credit for two master's degree courses, and apply to Columbia.

Paragraphs like this are good intellectual hygiene. Just recently I had been cowed into thinking I could no longer call myself an educated man unless I finally boned up on the work of the French literary deconstructionists, especially of Jacques Derrida. I had just begun when I read Epstein's essay on names, in which he writes, "Jacques Derrida is fortunate in not having been named Gerald or Jerome; if he had he might have been known to family and friends as Jerry Derrida." Now how am I supposed to read seriously a book about *l'écriture* by a guy named Jerry? *Quelle différance* (sic)! Thanks, Aristides. □

MONIMBO
Robert Moss and Arnaud de Borchgrave
Simon and Schuster / $16.95

Roger Kaplan

Monimbo, the new best-selling novel by Robert Moss and Arnaud de Borchgrave, is based on the idea that Cuba's secret services are resourceful enough to operate a guns-and-drugs racket between Florida and Colombia and to provoke race riots in Miami and New York. The Cubans have agents working for them in unlikely places and have sent hit-men and provocateurs to the U.S. on the Mariel boat-lift, an event Americans naively referred to as the "freedom flotilla." The conspiracy is helped along by Americans with leftist sympathies, as well as by dedicated Communist agents.

Death Beam, a recent novel by Robert Moss, hinges on the possibility that the Soviets have the capacity to develop and deploy a "giant neutron bomb" and moreover can—nearly—convince us, through the clever use of double agents, that our situation is much safer than is in fact the case.

As for *The Spike*, the first novel by de Borchgrave and Moss, to appreciate it you have to believe the Soviets are capable of manipulating the Western media. It was, in fact, *The Spike* that popularized the term "disinformation," although the book was concerned more with journalists susceptible to blackmail and bribes than with the real thing, disinformation, which has to do with misleading your opponent about the significance of realities you cannot conceal.

Now much as I can believe all three plots, I should confess at the outset that these books are so poorly written that I would not be surprised if I am the only one who can. I am willing to believe that the Soviets have bought and blackmailed Western journalists from time to time, have practiced the classical techniques of disinformation and made use of forgeries and other vile below-the-belt tricks. I am perfectly able to believe that what with all the technology we and our allies have been selling them since Armand Hammer's first trip to Moscow in the early 1920s, plus what they've been able to steal, the Soviets, despite sixty years of scientific mediocrity, may well develop and deploy, if they have not done so already, doomsday weapons as fearsome as the ones described in *Death Beam*. After all,

Roger Kaplan is a frequent contributor to The American Spectator, This World, Commentary, *and other publications.*

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only a few alarmists believed the Soviets would develop the SS-series of missiles as soon as they did; yet there they are, arguably with a disarming first-strike capability, not to speak of holding all of Western Europe hostage. And I can certainly believe that among the *Marielos* were skillful and dedicated undercover men, as well as common criminals who not only contributed to the further deterioration of some of Miami's neighborhoods but could be used, as they are in *Monimbo,* as expendable hit-men against prematurely alarmed Americans.

I can believe all this because it really is quite well documented. Large portions of the critical background data for *Monimbo,* for example, read as if lifted almost verbatim from press accounts of trials of Cuban drug smugglers apprehended by Florida and federal authorities. Other aspects of the novel are based on credible stories that have circulated about Castro's subversive plans.

In *Monimbo,* we actually meet Fidel Castro, holding forth with various unpleasant co-conspirators in July 1980, at a town in Nicaragua called Monimbo. After making some disparaging remarks about "El Gran Cacahuete" (the Big Peanut) in the White House, Fidel says: "The *yanquis* cannot even begin to imagine the capabilities that we have in their country. You all read about the riots in Miami this spring. We can accomplish things that would make the riots in Florida look like a sunshower."

And as a matter of fact, what happens next does make you think wistfully about small affairs as ordinary and manageable as race riots. A U.S. Senator with important information on the illicit drug trade is murdered by Cuban agents in Puerto Rico. Robert Hockney, star of *The Spike,* is on the scene, combining pleasure with his wife's business (she works for the Senator). Following the case, and putting up as well as possible with the hostility of his leftist colleagues on a fictional version of the *New York Times,* he meets an embittered but dedicated Miami policeman named Jay Maguire. He also meets a Cuban-American businessman named Julio Parodi, who is "both a doper and a double agent, an expert in betrayal who almost appeared to live for the thrill of stabbing people who trusted him in the back."

Parodi, among other things, finances a paramilitary, para-political outfit named the *Brigada Azul,* which is more or less inspired by Omega-7, the secretive anti-Castro organization said to have perpetrated acts of violence. Parodi and the *Brigada* have a role to play in the "Monimbo Plan" to destabilize America from within, and as Hockney and Maguire follow through on what they at first take for a dope case, the contours and the contents of a dreadful, shocking, sinister, murderous, and Communist plot gradually become apparent.

The Communist side of the plot is credible, all too credible, since it is taken from recognizable contemporary events. Even before it became clear that the Communists had turned Grenada into a terrorist base, even before Sandinista intelligence officers like Miguel Bolanos began to defect and tell all they know about the kinds of plans their friends and their Cuban masters entertain in all seriousness, we knew full well that pathological criminals and dedicated revolutionaries are a virtually indistinguishable species of degenerate twentieth-century man. The police blotters of the top Sandinista leadership should surprise no one; as one expert put it, they are a gang of Sons-of-Sam armed with AK-47s and Marxist-Leninist buzzwords.

On the other hand, I have to say that our side of the plot is less convincing. Although Messrs. Moss and de Borchgrave are to be thanked for putting so much recent history at the disposal of a reading public undoubtedly larger than that which follows these matters for professional or masochistic reasons, they have given us some American heroes who are less interesting and believable than one would like them to be. Two novels into Robert Hockney's colorful career, we've got lots of good adventures to associate him with, but not much of a personality.

Is this necessary? I don't think so. The authors' altogether commendable aim in these books is to demonstrate how vulnerable we are to the totalitarian assault. It seems to me, however, that they overstate their case. While the enemy is able to concentrate powerful and expertly coordinated resources on its objective, we are left with a lone reporter and a maverick cop. In *Death Beam,* a handful of outsiders, forced to work on the edges of, if not in opposition to, their own nation's intelligence services, is all that we've got going in the final battle for civilization. Running parallel with this disparity is the sensationalism of these novels —the pornography, the violence, the foul language—all of it gratuitous and a poor substitute for good writing.

Clearly, the target here is the culture of détente, the sense fostered by Western governments in the 1970s that the Soviets are not that different from us and we could teach them to trust us if we displayed a sincere trust in them. This culture led to moral and psychological (not to speak of military) disarmament which we are now only beginning to try to pull ourselves from. *Monimbo* may well be the most dire critique, in fiction, of this culture, and of the paralysis and national self-denigration that it has engendered. But laden as it is with stereotypes and clichés, the book cannot move beyond cheap thrills and schlock summaries of recent news toward what one would much prefer: an explanation. □

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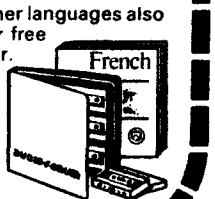

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THE WHYS OF A PHILOSOPHICAL SCRIVENER

Martin Gardner / Morrow / $22.50; $12.95 pbk.

William H. Nolte

When a book is a good one and worth the price asked for it by the book selling banditti, the best thing for the reviewer to do is to say so in plain words and have done. Any attempt to enlarge upon that bald verdict is not only gratuitous and useless, but also extremely fatiguing to the reviewer. The customary vocabulary of his art fails him, for it is made up almost entirely of terms derogatory and infuriate, and when he seeks to make use of the ordinary phrases of praise he finds them flat to the taste. In addition, he discovers that his processes of ratiocination, usually so fluent and accurate, are impeded by his novel emotions. He is in the impossible position of a man trying to read Kant in the vestry room while waiting for his bride to arrive at the church, or of a woman trying to recite the Lord's Prayer with a mouse nibbling at her ankle. Take my word for it, the enterprise is one of staggering difficulties.

Thus did H.L. Mencken begin his *Smart Set* book article for February 1910 by way of girding his loins for the task before him—the task, incidentally, of showing why he considered H.G. Wells's *Ann Veronica* an extraordinary novel. I quote Mencken for the simple reason that he perfectly describes my present quandary—to wit, the hopeless job of somehow revealing my delight in Martin Gardner's *The Whys of a Philosophical Scrivener* without appearing to be delirious or drunk. The book is an utter delight, and if its reception locally is any indicator it will be widely read. The manager of the bookstore where I purchased my copy tells me he has had to re-order four times already in large lots, palpable evidence, it seems to me, that all is not yet lost.

Whys reveals in the most charming manner an incisive mind at play in the earnest world of ideas. Although Gardner constructs his book of essays on a foundation of negatives—telling us why he is not that or this, why (to list chapter headings) he is not a solipsist, a pragmatist, a paranormalist, an aesthetic (or an ethical) relativist, a determinist, an anarchist, a Smithian, a Marxist, etc.—he takes great pains to show how it is possible to be any of the things he is not and still pass muster as an intelligent being. That is to say, his skepticism is pure: He admits to being without answers to most of the questions man has been posing since he began strutting about the globe, assessing both the seen and the unseen of the world and what might reside behind that world. In telling us what he believes and why he believes it, Gardner constantly refers to his enormous filing cabinet or index which contains the notes, quotations, memorabilia, and intellectual keepsakes of whatever kind gathered during a lifetime of reading in every topic under the sun.

Indeed, the quoted material is alone worth the price of admission, and I found myself again and again pausing to consult works sacred and profane, clerical and lay. On returning, for example, to Hume's *Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding* I discovered all over again what a magnificent work it is. And the Bible. Though by no means a Christian since he does not believe in miracles and is repelled by the belief in hell, Gardner knows the Bible well and is fond of regaling his reader with some of its most outrageous chapters and sections, particularly those of the Old Testament, which, as he notes, is now read only by orthodox Jews and fundamentalist Protestants. For that reason, and because such biblical debunkers as Robert Ingersoll are hard to come by, he informs us of various of Jehovah's doings—and had me reading the two books of Kings, among others. To see if I agreed that Numbers 31 was the "most infamous" chapter of the Bible, hardly to be matched by any other sacred book, I had to read it. It is indeed infamous; nay, it is monstrous. It makes all the violent denunciations of Jehovah by such writers as Swinburne and Stephen Crane seem temperate and just.

As readers of Gardner's many books on science and philosophy know, he is most adept at exposing the fraudulent and deflating the pompous. Even when he fires on sitting ducks he performs a public service: "Take away the fantasies and errors of psychoanalysis, and what is left is so close to the common heritage of pre-Freudian psychiatry that there is no need to keep calling it Freudian." Or: "As for the form Marxism has taken in Russia, China, and other countries that call themselves communist, the failure of those countries to escape from a tyranny indistinguishable from fascism except in its mythology has long been apparent to everyone who is not a victim of what a friend likes to call *cerebral dormitosis*. In view of this fact, Susan Sontag's famous *mea culpa* speech in 1982 at Town Hall in Manhattan, in which she announced her stunning discovery that communism is a bad thing, struck me as the funniest event on the radical front since Eldridge Cleaver discovered Jesus." By judicious quotation Gardner sometimes allows his victim to destroy himself—as in the case of art critic Hilton Kramer, whose rhapsodic boosting of Jasper Johns makes one wince almost as much as his vilification of realism, and in particular his attacks on Andrew Wyeth, whose landscapes reveal (in Kramer's words) a "hidden scatological obsession." Though properly respectful of those artists whose works have endured—even of those whom he cannot appreciate—Gardner does not hesitate to reject certain contemporaries who are much in favor, knowing that Time has a way of correcting our critical mistakes. I particularly enjoyed the following passage since it corroborates my own conviction: "With fear and trembling I confess that I have yet to find a poem by Ezra Pound or William Carlos Williams that I consider great, though I have done my best over the decades to read both men sympathetically. I agree with Vladimir Nabokov that Ezra Pound was a 'total fake.' I much prefer T.S. Eliot (despised by Williams) to Pound (Williams's friend and mentor), but even Eliot seems to me overrated." His guess that Ernest Lawrence Thayer's famous piece of doggerel, "Casey at the Bat," will outlast the entire poetic output of Pound will surely provoke gasps of disbelief from various academics, some of them learned and honorable, but I would bet coin of the realm that he's right—except that I won't be around to collect.

As I say, *Whys* teems with quotations, some of which show Gardner to be a man of his age. Were he thirty years younger I doubt that he would be so high on the work of G.K. Chesterton and H.G. Wells. Still, he makes both these writers seem worth remembering—for vastly different reasons, of course. From the number of references (that is, *approving* references), I would guess that Gardner has learned most, in a general sense, from (in alphabetical order) Aristotle, Lewis Carroll (Gardner did *The Annotated Alice* about ten years ago), Hume, William James, Kant (especially Kant), C.S. Lewis, John Stuart Mill, C.S. Peirce, Plato, Russell, Santayana, and, perhaps most of all, Unamuno, whose fideism most nearly resembles his own attitude toward faith.

The skeptic Gardner, a fideist? Even so. In a dozen or more places—and particularly in the chapter on why he is not an atheist and in the three chapters on immortality—he insists that one must rely on faith rather than reason to find philosophical and religious truths. In the final chapters of *Whys*, devoted to the problem of evil and to the possibility of immortality, Gardner's arguments are less than convincing since they depend on feeling or hope rather than on reason or demonstrable evidence. Like Kierkegaard and Unamuno, he may help some in sustaining their faith, but he will certainly not convert many to his position. I also find it disturbing that he should found his theism on a desire for immortality—or for that matter that he should found his belief in anything on so fragile a basis. Without God, as he says, there can be no immortality; ergo, he opts for belief in God. That is, belief in a personal God, an

William H. Nolte is C. Wallace Martin Professor of English at the University of South Carolina.

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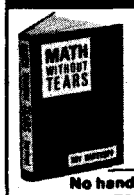

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anthropomorphic God. This kind of personal theology dispenses with argument and hence can be neither proved nor refuted. Whether or not one takes the leap depends solely on one's temperament. Though I found Gardner's discussion of worldly matters more invigorating than his confession of faith, I much enjoyed his company all the way along. □

WHITE MISCHIEF: THE MURDER OF LORD ERROLL
James Fox / Random House / $15.95

George P. McCartney

By the 1920s Kenya had become the colony of choice for those members of the British upper class who were shiftless, bankrupt, alcoholic, larcenous, addicted to drugs, given to irregular sexual habits, or otherwise indisposed for polite company at home. Like many another imperial outpost, Kenya was a place for those with something to hide. As a result it came to be populated by a knockabout lot of "aristocratic fugitives" intent on pursuing their various pleasures undisturbed by their tamer stay-at-home countrymen. Calling them a "community of English squires established on the Equator," even the professionally unflappable Evelyn Waugh was impressed by this band of desperadoes who inhabited a world of eighteenth-century licentiousness. Like the engagingly disreputable characters of Waugh's novels, these were rogues who went their own way "careless of consequence." But then their seemingly "permanent feast of dissipation and sensuous pleasure" was violently interrupted on January 24, 1941 when their leading reveler, Josslyn Hay, Earl of Erroll, High Constable of Scotland, and Kenya's foremost adulterer, was found shot through the skull in his overturned Buick a few miles outside Nairobi. The party would never be the same.

James Fox first became involved with the Erroll murder case in 1969 when he worked with Cyril Connolly on a lengthy article about it for the *London Sunday Times*. At that time they turned up a good deal of new evidence, but were unable to determine conclusively who murdered Erroll. Upon his death, Connolly left Fox his research. Using this and his own previous findings, together with another round of interviews with everyone, colonial or native, who was in any way involved with the case, he has reconstructed the story and drawn up a list of possible murderers painstakingly reviewing their motives. The list is quite long. As a compulsive and arrogant womanizer, Erroll had acquired more than his share of enemies among his jilted mistresses and their cuckolded husbands. Which of them killed Erroll? No doubt the question is of interest but at this date it's hardly the most important question to be raised, nor is it nearly as difficult to answer as Fox would have us believe.

The much more interesting question is the one Fox never asks. Why would a man of Erroll's charm, position, and influence have insisted on making public spectacles of his sexual indiscretions? His liaisons were almost always with married women older than himself (Fox accounts for at least five) and he conducted these affairs in such a fashion that the husbands were always sure to find out. Why did Erroll make so much trouble for himself? It wasn't as though these connections were grand passions; most were clearly dalliances of the moment. Womanizing is one thing; cultivating scandal quite another. Evidently Erroll did not consider an affair fully successful unless it included an enraged husband in the wings. In one instance he helped himself to a colonial rancher's wife and two of his Buicks (this seems to have been the colonial car of choice) and set out for a romantic safari. The rancher was bound to discover his losses and when he did, he went after them with his Somali servants. Although the Somalis knew exactly where Erroll had gone, they misled their master as long as they could "apparently out of flawless discretion and because this was, after all, how Bwanas chose to spend their time," Fox explains in one of his marvelously understated asides. Finally arriving at the lovers' camp, the furious cuckold chased Erroll through the bush laying about him with a rhino whip. Erroll, however, was not to be deterred. On another occasion, with someone else's wife, he insisted on "having his way" with her on the local hotel's billiard table where, he must have realized, their sport was sure to be observed and duly reported. Far from encouraging prudence, these episodes only served to spur Erroll on to even more adulterous effrontery. The night he met Diana Caldwell, who was then newly wed to Sir John Henry ("Jock") Delves Broughton, his first words to her when they were alone were, "Well, who's going to tell Jock? You or I?" There's little doubt Erroll enjoyed the melodramatic scandals he instigated. One cannot help wondering why.

Fox attributes Erroll's behavior to a "professional contempt for husbands," but this seems hardly adequate to explain the older women and Erroll's need to affront their spouses, some of whom were old enough to be his father. The repetitive pattern of his affairs invites speculation. It doesn't require a course in Freudian analysis to suspect that Erroll might have been driven by an Oedipal compulsion to subvert paternal authority by humiliating older men. His last affair certainly supports this interpretation.

Although Diana Caldwell, unlike his other married mistresses, was younger than Erroll, her husband was eighteen years his senior. The conflict between these men seems a perfect instance of the hostility that divided the generations on either side of the First World War. Born in 1901, Erroll was too young to fight in the war but old enough to feel its demoralizing consequences. He belonged to the interwar generation Waugh named the Bright Young People. Disgusted with the pieties with which their fathers excused their complicity in a grotesquely wasteful war, convinced Western civilization was in precipitous decline,

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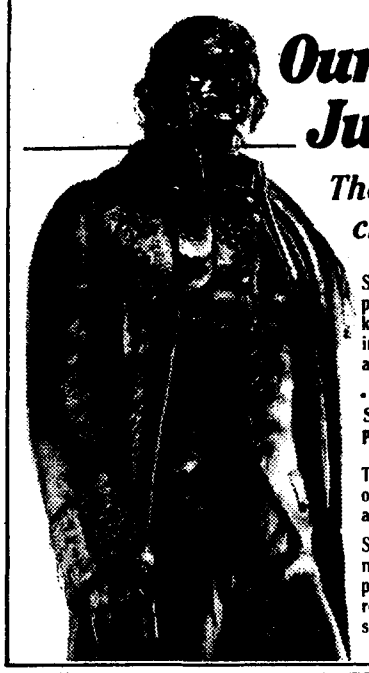

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soon to be polished off by the next war into which they were unavoidably drifting, they saw no point to life beyond the pleasure of the immediate moment. The authority of the older generation was a bad joke to be mocked or ignored according to one's mood. Broughton epitomized just what the Bright Young People thought of the generation before them: He was cowardly, corrupt, and weak. He had avoided seeing action in the war by suddenly coming down with sunstroke as his battalion sailed for France in 1914. Later he went in for insurance fraud arranging the thefts of his own paintings and jewelry. By several accounts he was impotent or at least not sexually active with his last wife.

Fox supplies these facts but draws no inferences beyond those that help him solve the murder mystery. One cannot help wondering whether he hasn't neglected his story's more important possibilities. Erroll and Broughton seem classic representatives of the bitter disillusionment that characterized the interwar years. Fox's title invokes Waugh's *Black Mischief* in which the cynical bounder, Basil Seal, makes a career of taking advantage of the ingrained stupidity and hypocrisy of his elders. Is this a case of life imitating art? Was Erroll one of Waugh's aging youths bent on savagely twitting his father's generation for having emptied the world of order and purpose? It is both ironic and illuminating that when Erroll was given an opportunity for purposeful action, he was able to forego enough of his dissolute habits to carry out his duties commendably. In 1939, just two years before his murder, he was made Military Secretary for Kenya responsible for gathering the troops necessary to launch the campaign against Mussolini's army in Abyssinia. In this position he acquitted himself with honor and his executive abilities were widely praised.

Perhaps Fox is too much the British empiricist to speculate on his story's larger implications. Perhaps he was too intent on writing a murder mystery. Either way, we are left with this troubling question: Was Erroll a victim of sexual jealousy or his own disillusionment with the world his elders had unmade for him? □

EARL WARREN: A PUBLIC LIFE
G. Edward White / Oxford University Press / $25.00
INSIDE THE WARREN COURT: 1953-1969
Bernard Schwartz with Stephan Lesher / Doubleday / $17.95

Edward J. Erler

In 1947 John Gunther wrote in his best-selling *Inside USA* of the then Governor Warren that he

> will never set the world on fire or even make it smoke; he has the limitations of all Americans of his type with little intellectual background, little genuine depth or coherent political philosophy; a man who has probably never bothered with an abstract thought twice in his life . . . no more a statesman . . . than Typhoid Mary is Einstein.

Gunther, of course, was wrong: Warren did set the world on fire. And now in *Earl Warren: A Public Life,* G. Edward White attempts to vindicate Warren's role as prime mover in the universe of judicial activism created by the Supreme Court's decision in *Brown* v. *Board of Education* in 1954. What distinguished Warren, White informs us, was his willingness to disregard the dictates of the Constitution and principled jurisprudence if they stood in the way of what "he perceived to be ethical imperatives":

> Most of Warren's energy on the Court was directed toward achieving the "right" results. He did not often agonize, as did Frankfurter, over an outcome in a case, nor did he despair of finding an adequate constitutional basis for justifying his intuitions, nor did he worry about being overly activist. He spent his time on discerning results that seemed just and on marshalling support for those results by attempting to convince others of their inherent justice.

In the face of Warren's "intuitions," the principles of constitutional government were "theoretical baggage."

I might remind readers that White wrote these statements as a defense of Warren. Had he meant them as an indictment, then the following would surely be a case of *lèse majesté*: "Warren . . . equated judicial lawmaking with neither the dictates of reason, as embodied in established precedent or doctrine, nor the demands imposed by an institutional theory of the judge's role, nor the alleged 'command' of the constitutional text, but rather with *his own reconstruction of the ethical structure of the Constitution* [emphasis added]." Of course, the Constitution of 1787 was itself the product of a kind of *lèse majesté.* The delegates to the Constitutional Convention deliberately ignored their instructions to reform the Articles of Confederation and drafted instead a constitution that, according to Madison, was nothing less than "an alteration in the first principles." This action, in Madison's view, was occasioned by "the absolute necessity of the case" and proceeded from the "transcendent law of nature and nature's God, which declares that the safety and happiness of society are the objects at which all political institutions aim and to which all such institutions must be sacrificed." What remains to be demonstrated is that the reconstruction of the Constitution by Warren and his epigones has made for a better regime.

Earl Warren has always been something of an enigma, particularly to his friends. He was a conservative Republican who turned late to ideological liberalism, yet never mastered the catechism of his new faith. Even among his most enthusiastic admirers Warren's reputation as a scholar and judicial craftsman remains slight. His major sin was his failure to give ideological liberalism a solid grounding in constitutional law, and many of his followers believe that his inability to do so—indeed his insistence on interpreting the Constitution by judicial fiat—has given ideological liberalism a bad name. Warren simply saw no reason to account for his jurisprudential stance whether in the many opinions and articles he wrote during his years on the Court, or in his posthumously published memoirs.

White, however, is game, and thinks he can supply the intellectual underpinnings of Warren's public life. He does so by trying to refute "entrenched" assumptions about Warren's career. According to White, Warren's conversion to ideological liberalism was not a radical departure from his earlier views, but the logical—indeed necessary—outgrowth of his earlier Progressivism. Here White is persuasive enough, although hardly original. But when he tries to show Warren as the adherent of a consistent jurisprudence he is on shakier ground, however ingenious his rationale: "I shall contend that Warren was merely a different kind of legal technician, unorthodox rather than inept, and that his theory of judging, while uniquely his, was not without its own theoretical integrity." Warren has not made it easy for his defenders.

White describes Warren's pilgrimage from Progressivism to ideological liberalism as a "liberal fusion." "Warren had fused the idea of rights against the state, chiefly personified by the claims of dissident minorities, with the idea of affirmative action by government to protect disadvantaged persons." The idea of affirmative government, of course, had been a central Progressive tenet of Warren's political career. Based on enlightened public opinion and thoroughly grounded in the majoritarian political process, affirmative government was the Progressives' antidote to "special interests." But because the Progressives never settled on what the common interest was, they understood it only in procedural terms. The political world was an infinity of means informed by no ends, certainly none supplied by nature or nature's God which would only limit the "perfectibility" of the human estate. Thanks to the power of science, human perfectibility could know no bounds. Any limits demanded by the immediate exigencies of political life could be legitimate only insofar as they were self-limitations, that is, a kind of categorical imperative, where the limits would themselves be an expression of human freedom. This was the work of enlightened majorities.

In time, however, Warren lost faith in the majority's capacity for enlightenment, which led to his conversion to ideological liberalism. White explains:

> Progressivism can be said to have been a protest on behalf of a hitherto silent, disadvantaged majority (the "public") against the control of government by vested minorities ("special interests"). Most Progressives did not number among their paramount concerns the protection of minority rights, and most Progressives did not envisage creating a governmental apparatus to facilitate that protection. The governmental apparatus they sought to create was principally designed to restore open, moral, majoritarian government.

Edward J. Erler is Director of the Office of the Bicentennial at the National Endowment for the Humanities.

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As evidence of the Progressives' indifference to the rights of those minorities who were not "special interests," White points to the well-known anti-Oriental bias of the California Progressives and to Warren's role as the "vital moving force in the formulation of the Japanese relocation plan." What Warren's "liberal fusion" did was to make the protection of minority interests the principal object of "affirmative government." This could be done only by undermining the moral authority of the majority and of majoritarian politics. In a word, it became necessary to view the majority as just another "special interest."

The hallmark of Warren's ideological liberalism was his insistence that an enlightened class act as the substitute for the majority whenever the majority displays an incapacity for enlightened decisions. White puts it this way:

> The last stage in Warren's emergence as a liberal theorist was the development of a consonance between his ethical impulses and liberal policies... Warren's impulses told him to reach results that seemed to implement the liberal fusion. His much greater attachment to the preservation of civil rights and liberties as a judge than as a governor can be attributed, principally, to an enhanced sense after *Brown* that he had no need as a federal judge to submerge his intuitive empathy for the claims of disadvantaged people.

Warren thus thrust the federal judiciary into the role of serving as the "virtual representative" of those minorities said to be permanently isolated from the majoritarian political process.

The "liberal fusion," in short, left Warren free to inject the Constitution with a novel theory of American politics, which saw the doctrine of individual rights transformed into a doctrine of class rights. The seminal case in this reconstruction was, of course, *Brown* v. *Board of Education*. *Brown* invoked the idea of "stigma" as the standard of Equal Protection. In this, Warren agreed with the *Plessy* Court about the standard to be used, but disagreed as to whether the separation of races implied the stigmatization of one race. The real defect of *Plessy*, Warren suggested, was inadequate knowledge of psychology, not the application of defective principles of constitutional construction. Is there a stigma implied in the separation of the races? Absent any such stigma the Constitution is not offended. As Warren noted, "*in the field of public education* the doctrine of 'separate but equal' has no place [emphasis added]." Contrary to common opinion, *Brown* did not overrule *Plessy tout court*. Indeed, insofar as it established "stigma" as a racial class concept, *Brown* gave new life to the principle of separate but equal. As any proponent of affirmative action is quick to point out, not all racial classifications are stigmatizing. And, as recent rulings upholding "race conscious" classifications amply demonstrate, separate but equal remains good constitutional law. Justice Blackmun, in his separate opinion in *Bakke*, stated it as clearly as could be: "In order to treat some persons equally, we must treat them differently [he could have said separately]." Thus, liberalism's goal of a colorblind Constitution has given way to one in which racial classifications are an indispensable instrument of equal protection under the law. This is the core of ideological liberalism.

By creating the need for class-wide judicial remedies, *Brown* also gave rise to the rampant judicial activism of the Warren Court. White says it perfectly: The "jurisprudential message" of *Brown* was that if the Court's "search for justice"—its reading of the Constitution to make it "harmonize with current perceptions of what justice required"—"compelled a change in the practices of other branches of government, the Court was not going to avoid

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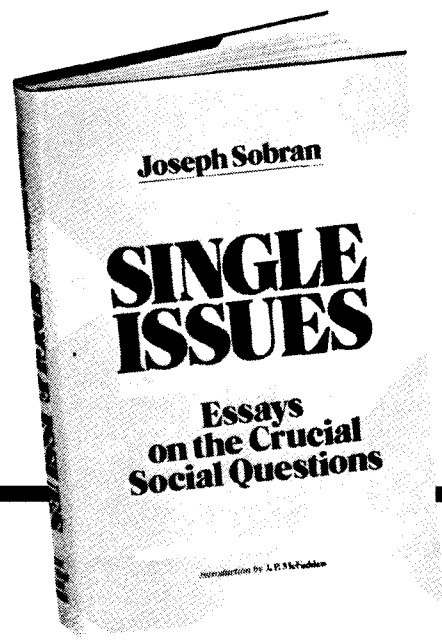

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insisting on the change merely because those branches were purportedly more democratic in composition than it." Warren never wavered in his belief that an activist judiciary—particularly because it was not subject to the majoritarian political process—was the principal institution to implement the "ethical imperatives" that, if not exactly stated in the text of the Constitution, were certainly implied in its "ethical structure." Shortly after his appointment to the Court, Warren wrote that determining the Constitution's "ethical structure" was a part of "the pursuit of justice" which he described as "the capacity to generalize and make objective one's private sense of wrong, thus turning it to public account." It is sentiments like these that continue to inspire such standard bearers of ideological liberalism as Anthony Lewis to remark, without the slightest sense of irony or critical distance, that Warren "was the closest thing the United States has had to a Platonic Guardian, dispensing law from a throne without any sensed limits of power except what was seen to be the good of society.Fortunately he was a decent, human, honorable, democratic Guardian."

The most recent work on the Warren Court is Bernard Schwartz's *Inside the Warren Court* written with Stephan Lesher. This is an attempt to produce a popular version (written primarily by Lesher) of a more scholarly tome written by Schwartz entitled *Super Chief.* It is purportedly an inside account of the Warren Court's activities drawn from conference notes and docket books of the justices, as well as correspondence, notes, diaries, and draft opinions. The theme of the work, not surprisingly, is how "the years of the Warren Court . . . spanned—and perhaps, spawned—the greatest American social and political revolutions since the War Between the States." As a literary and historical account *Inside the Warren Court* is only slightly superior to *The Brethren,* Woodward/Bernstein's mean-spirited attempt of a few years back to debunk the Burger Court. It tries to delve into the secret workings of the Warren Court by emphasizing the play of personalities—always with the statesmanlike Warren in the leading role—said to dominate it. The book reveals little that is new or interesting. We have always known, for example, that Frankfurter complained loudly and bitterly that Warren played fast and loose with the Constitution. What *Inside the Warren Court* does do—although less dramatically than *The Brethren*—is to show the extent to which many of the Court's opinions are the product almost of accident, the result of shifting coalitions having nothing to do with any notion of principled jurisprudence. If the authors wish for their hero's image to remain statesmanlike, they should go easy on the gossip. White has told us too much already. □

EDITORIAL
(continued from page 9)

This fire-and-brimstone was emitted three months after the speech widely quoted by the propagandists, and Kennedy could be even more zealous.

Two months after the above speech he declared: "Without the United States, South Viet-Nam would collapse overnight. Without the United States; the SEATO alliance would collapse overnight. Without the United States, the CENTO alliance would collapse overnight. Without the United States, there would be no NATO. And gradually Europe would drift into neutralism and indifference. Without the efforts of the United States in the Alliance for Progress, the Communist advance onto the mainland of South America would long ago have taken place." Then Kennedy added, "We are still the keystone in the arch of freedom, and I think we will continue to do as we have done in the past. . . ." He said all this on the morning of November 22, 1963, the day he was shot by a rat.

Much about the Kennedy presidency was not mentioned during the recent media bombardment. He was amazingly irresolute about Castro's Communization of Cuba. Had he suited his deeds to his words Fidel might have gone the way of Grenada's gangster regime. In 1962 Kennedy was the first President to advocate budget deficits despite economic health, thus ushering in years of economic folly. Under him and his successor, wire tapping increased notably as did harassment of opponents, for instance: dawn raids on the homes of U.S. Steel executives. The legitimacy of Kennedy's election will always remain dubious. His relations with Congress were frosty, and his popularity is exaggerated—a consequence of his tragic death and the comparative unpopularity of the Presidents that followed.

Yet I am not going to be critical. The media's line is that he was a saint and messiah. I surrender to this judgment, and let us forget those quotes. □

CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 7)

and in the stock market—will produce new jobs or useful new products. It overlooks the fact that executives and union members often receive more despite declining productivity and profitability, as *Business Week's* surveys of executive compensation attest. Advocates of growth never define it in a discriminating way. If more people seek second medical opinions, will each opinion count toward the Gross National Product? Will the production of 250 cubic inch plus engines for automobiles count as growth, whatever their impact on oil importation? Will TV programs and video games that stupefy children be counted along with remedial programs that try to undo the damage? Will the production be sold to the Russians, or, as with pornography, aggravate the disruption of our intimate lives?

The anti-industrial policy version of the supply-side fears the dead hand of government. It learns nothing from the Homestead Act, the railway grants, or the super-highway system. It fails to consider the dead hand of corporations upon innovation. Counter-examples of beneficial cooperation between government and corporations are buried under a barrage of statistics of a type brought forth only when the objective is to smash governmental intervention. Is the basic idea to tell Chrysler owners just to chalk up a loss?

Conservative tradition is what conservatives make of it. The supply-side doctrine is economic fanaticism—it splits the economy in two, it extols only the virtues of the powerful; it ignores why we have redistribution; it bulldozes the rubble created by supply-side policy in the lives of a people. I call on the editor to invite the refugees of economic fanaticism in the guise of supply-side economics to join in his forum. Representative Kemp and his ilk inhabit a dream world in which only their own voices are heard or understood.

—Philip Groth
Assistant Professor of Sociology
University of Wisconsin Center
Janesville, Wisconsin

Peer Review

Your reviewer, Richard Jensen, seems to have read my book *Consequences of Party Reform* carelessly (*TAS,* November 1983). At any rate, he has reported its contents inaccurately. More careful readers will find, for example,

(1) an argument about why party reforms have hurt Democrats more than Republicans. This helps to explain why Republicans, such as Ronald Reagan, get elected President and have legislative successes, as Reagan had in 1981. Jensen's claim that this is "quite impossible" in the political system I describe is false.

(2) I do not actually say that "old pols were . . . fearless champions of the common good" but rather the opposite.

(3) Nor do I "dismiss . . . pollsters, election experts and media consultants" as significant actors in presidential election politics. Quite to the contrary, a section of the book discusses them and their role.

It seems to me Mr. Jensen might have written a more sensible review if he had taken more careful notice of the contents of the book.

—Nelson W. Polsby
University of California
Berkeley, California

Anne Crutcher, R.I.P.

I shall miss Anne Crutcher, who died November 5 after a long and gallant struggle against cancer that left the dread disease looking not so dreadful after all; for through all the years that she lived with it her prose continued to effervesce with a rare combination of wisdom and literacy and her charm endured unflawed. She was a profoundly civilized woman, which I guess was her cause. Widowed in 1968 after a famously happy marriage, she raised her four children, wrote for our favorite periodicals, and became a notable figure in Washington circles, ending as editor of the editorial page of the *Washington Times.* Her intelligent positions on the major issues of our time revealed the yowlers of feminism for what they are, and then there were her dinner parties. They were, for an intellectual, the best. Entering her home was an incomparable event; never to be overwhelmed by the tintinnabulations of Washington's lightweights, never to be dunned by the organ music self-generated by the deeper types, this was art. I always went away cheered, absorbed in a few good thoughts, and with my palate grateful to be part of my running gear. As I say, Anne was a very civilized lady. When she went to the *Times,* I vowed to give her time to get settled before imposing upon her for more of the essays and book reviews she did so willingly. Now she is gone and I wish I had importuned. Yet she has not vanished completely. She has left her readers and colleagues with much to think about, and those four children of hers were girls, now mothers; and the wisdom she passed on in print will now be more enduringly passed on in their families. Gloria Steinem will not leave such deep tracks.—*RET*

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Richard Jensen replies:
The guest who points out the baby's defects expects the father to be unhappy. But it is a surprise when paternity is denied.

(1) I reported that Polsby feels that strong presidential leadership is impossible in the wake of the party reforms. He wrote: "No wonder observers are puzzled about why recent Presidents seem to have had such a hard time staying in office and in the meantime have so little legitimacy and so little capacity to govern." [*New York Times* op-ed essay, June 7, 1983]

(2) Polsby's praise for old pols and machines on pages 169-70 and 182 of his book would make Tip O'Neill blush. Parties are "broadly based," are able to "generate policy on a very wide range of topics," and their ability to "gather and process information about human wants and demands nation-wide is impressive." The pols, furthermore, are amazingly adept at "peer review"—Polsby's term for the selection of candidates in smoke-filled rooms. He wants a return to "the sort of system that chose Presidential nominees" before the reforms, because "It worked." [*New York Times* essay]

(3) The book dismisses campaign experts in two short, superficial pages, concluding that their use "makes no coalitions, cements no alliances, seals no deals in the world of grass roots electoral politics." [page 75]

Ms. Alice Walker
I have such high regard for Mr. Reid Buckley and his observations, in *The American Spectator* and elsewhere, that I have actually said so elsewhere *(Southern Partisan)* and would like now to say so here in these hallowed pages.

As a journalist of some long standing in the church press, however, I want also to disclaim at this point that Mr. Buckley may have gone a bit too much overboard, which is like being just a bit pregnant, for Ms. Alice Walker's *The Color Purple* in his review of that recent Pulitizer Prize-winning novel in the November 1983 *American Spectator.*

Mr. Buckley should have been curious about the Pulitizer Prize citation on its own. *The Color Purple* is a touching but eventually boring recreation of black Southern illiteracy in which Mr. Buckley has graciously detected a certain "music of language" and all that jazz, but which is simply not on the level that Mark Twain achieved in *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.* I certainly don't mean to force this unlikely comparison.

The point is, however, that the great critical blathering over *The Color Purple* is largely a form of intellectual slumming. I readily admit that there are some marvelous moments in Alice Walker's novel and I sympathize with the main character's having found salvation in lesbian love with an older woman, since it was in fact the only form of love that was ever made real to her. Still, in view of this, Mr. Buckley has his own reservations—but I think they would have been somewhat even more reserved if he knew more about Alice Walker's own servitude as a professional feminist for *Ms.* magazine, etc.

The quality of Ms. Walker's deep thinking is painfully evident in her first non-fictional collection (of largely *Ms.* articles), *In Search of Our Mothers' Gardens* (1983), that is self-described as "womanist" prose. I urgently recommend to Mr. Buckley and others Ms. Walker's account of her fawning visitations to Cuba in order to see where, if you'll pardon the expression, she's comin' fum.

Mr. Buckley takes proper notice of the bad treatment that both black and white males get in *The Color Purple* but he really doesn't ask why or further inquire into this or try to relate it, for example, to George Gilder's theme (see his *Sexual Suicide*) of the emasculation of the black male in a modern welfare society which has established the black woman herself as the main custodian. Ms. Walker shows plenty of empathy for the black woman, as such, but neither she nor Mr. Buckley care to think twice, apparently, of the frighteningly bureaucratic causes of black male rage in America.—*Thomas P. McDonnell*
Stoughton, Massachusetts

Reid Buckley replies:
Mr. McDonnell's letter is informative and interesting, and I'm grateful for the information it contains. But cautions relating to the left-wing feminism of Ms. Walker are nevertheless extrinsic to the merits of her novel.

What a toady Cervantes was. Can you stomach the dedications by Shakespeare of his sonnets to Lord Southampton? I would be distressed were Tolstoy's loony political and religious thinking to influence my reaction to his great fiction; I would not advise anyone to reflect on the positivism of Sam Clemens before reading *Huckleberry Finn.* To the degree that Miss Walker may politicize her fiction, she will do it ill; to the degree that she protects her works of imagination from her regrettable politics and "lifestyle," her readers will continue to be grateful.

Hersh Read Abroad
Richard Grenier's "Passion of Seymour Hersh" (*TAS,* September 1983) provides an excellent warning for readers of *The Price of Power.* Still, the suspicion that behind the fairy tale may lurk a genuine ogre leaves me feeling less than satisfied with Mr. Grenier's assurance that he "has never confused Kissinger with Little Red Riding Hood." As a reformed radical (i.e., crypto-totalitarian) of the 1960s, I came away from reading Mr. Hersh's book with the feeling that while the one may be a "little red," the other is still a "hood."

—*Charles M. De Wolf*
Chiba, Japan

P.S. I am a new but most enthusiastic reader of *The American Spectator.*

Correspondence Update
Some of my best friends ride bicycles. They tell me that I hit a nerve with my recent letter to *The American Spectator* (Correspondence, October 1983) regarding the dangers bicyclists pose to country motorists. Evidently, some drivers do threaten cyclists by driving close or actually forcing them off the road.

Although I wrote my letter with tongue in cheek, it appears I put my foot in my mouth. I consider slow cyclists on fast roads a hazard but I would never menace them or drive near them. —*Foster C. Smith*
Akron, Ohio

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THE LIBERALS' HALFWAY HOUSE

by Richard Vigilante

At the last session of the first-ever conference on neoliberalism in Washington in October, Irving Kristol and Victor Navasky appeared to present critiques of the conference. Charlie Peters, who organized the conference, coined the term neoliberal, and edits the *Washington Monthly*, neoliberalism's flagship, asked them if they thought neoliberalism had become a serious political movement. Navasky responded by telling the story of the Marvin Kitman campaign for President.

Kitman is a New York humorist who a number of years ago was associated with the *Monocle,* a humor magazine of which Navasky was editor. During some presidential campaign or other, the *Monocle* staff decided to run Kitman for President which, for anyone who has ever seen Kitman, is a very funny idea, even if it came from Navasky. The problem, Navasky told the audience with mock outrage, was that the campaign hardly got any press coverage. "Those guys in the press thought we weren't serious. They said we were doing the whole thing just to get publicity for our magazine."

In a way it was a fair shot. Neoliberalism, at least for now, isn't a political movement, however much Charlie Peters would like for it to become one. It certainly isn't a political theory. As reported by Tom Bethell last month, it is a journalistic phalanx built around the *Washington Monthly,* a liberal magazine that spends much of its time exposing liberal follies.

As working journalists, the neoliberals didn't need much theoretical grounding to arrive at their political position—which consequently is defined as not much more than a skepticism about liberalism since the sixties. This has given neoliberalism an empiricist cast that can be most refreshing. In his opening address to the conference, for instance, Peters denounced the media's liberal bias, saying it had corrupted liberalism by shielding it from criticism.

Such frankness was typical. At a panel on entitlements, James Fallows criticized runaway spending in almost Reaganite terms. Daniel Yankelovich argued that liberals would not be able to appeal to the political center until they realized that while the public was willing to aid the poor it "rejects the idea of a right or entitlement to that aid." He argued against "rights based on need" and for rights "based on fairness," saying that liberals must reject the idea that if people "demand something they need it."

Ken Auletta, author of *The Underclass,* might be Peters's idea of the perfect neoliberal—a journalist who sheds his presumptions and goes out to find how government programs really work. In his comments on the ghetto and government anti-poverty programs, Auletta sounded like George Gilder. Welfare, he said, encourages black men to feel as if they "are not responsible and should be taken care of." Guaranteed annual income is "no solution" and would "reinforce dependency," "undermine self-respect," and increase "rage" and violence.

A panel on education acknowledged the bankruptcy of American public education and blamed most of it on the national education establishment. Bruce Babbit, Democratic Governor of Arizona, remarked that on the national level "the Democrats remain in total bondage to the academic establishment." A panel on law and the courts included Justice Richard Neely of the West Virginia Supreme Court and Professor Robert Nagel of the University of Colorado Law School, two conservatives whom only Charlie Peters could regard as neoliberals. One speaker, Robert Kaus, formerly of *Harper's,* suggested we crack down on criminals by eliminating large portions of the Fifth and Eighth Amendments, a rather drastic solution even by conservative standards. As for economics, the rumors that neoliberals favor an aggressive "industrial policy" are exaggerated—most favor only mild forms of government intervention.

Empiricism, alas, has its down side—confronting reality is not the same thing as understanding it. For lack of an idea, neoliberalism is often no more than a list—a list of opinions, or "issues," a *Time* magazine cover story view of the world. You introduce yourself to a neoliberal always with the apprehension that, if given half a chance, he will say "infrastructure."

According to "The Neoliberal Manifesto," published by Peters in an attempt to define the term, neoliberals oppose: unions that exclude the poor from the job market, unions that raise unemployment among their own members, management executives who pay themselves too much, silly legal technicalities that let criminals off the hook, more law schools, more lawyers, lawsuits, the civil service, weapons that don't work, weapons that cost too much, greedy social security recipients, greedy tax protesters, the student draft deferment, economic regulation, credentialism, seniority, the adversary system of justice, snobbery, people who put themselves first, and, so help me, the Bendix merger. They take no position on Mary Cunningham.

They favor: "community, democracy, and prosperity," no-fault divorce and auto insurance, national service, "entrepreneurial, creative behavior and management" which represent "neoliberal ideas in management," and doing our part.

This inability to make a manifesto more coherent than a shopping list reveals a fear of abstraction and theory so extreme as to border on a type of idiocy. And fine as the *Washington Monthly* is, at times it reads like the log of a mad inventor's shop, populated by a little band of tinkerers whose short attention spans are only partly disguised by their recurring manias.

It gets the neoliberals into trouble, too. Though their hearts may be in the right place on economic questions, the neoliberals are innocent not only of economic theory but of the frame of mind required for economic analysis. After explaining in his manifesto that neoliberals are "in favor of" bright new entrepreneurs and against encrusted old businessmen and financial traders, Peters revives the old populist prejudice against trading in stock issues. The government, he says, should nudge investors toward investing in "new plants and equipment instead of simply trading old issues, which is what most of the activity on Wall Street is about today." He does not explain how fresh capital is to be raised without the existence of a healthy market in old issues. At the conference, a discussion of inflation proceeded without a single mention of devaluation of the currency as a possible culprit. When lefty economist Paul London advanced the theory that inflation was caused by insufficient public outcry over price increases, no one objected or even laughed. Perhaps the most perceptive economic observation of the weekend was that of a young woman in the audience who complained that "the conservatives used to make all the money and we used to spend it, but they aren't making it anymore."

Even at their best, the neoliberals' empiricist fetish undermines them. James Fallows is famous for his excellent investigations into wasteful and dangerous procurement practices at the Pentagon. But as he explained at a panel on national security, the neoliberals concentrate on practical questions like military procurement and bypass arguments over foreign policy precisely because such arguments turn on points of principle that are difficult to resolve.

But even decisions on the B-1 bomber may in the end turn on more than an empirical understanding of our enemies. Andrew Cockburn, a sneering British socialist no less appealing than his brother Alexander, and author of *The Threat: Inside the Soviet Military Machine,* which says there is no threat, also appeared on the panel. He soon amused the audience with charming anecdotes about the harmless Russians and how the superpowers were simply mirroring each other in a game of "threat inflation." Rebutting that sort of thing requires an understanding not of the B-1's cost-benefit ratios but of Communism.

Despite their rejection of almost every liberal achievement since the civil rights movement, the neoliberals are adamant about remaining liberals. And they are right. Ultimately both the virtues and vices of this "idiot" empiricism—and idiots may be divine fools—come not just from Peters's

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Richard Vigilante is a free-lance writer living in Washington, D.C.

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journalistic enterprises but from liberalism itself.

In this regard the most revealing event of the weekend was an entirely incoherent panel on values. It was chaired by the *Atlantic*'s national correspondent, Nicholas Lemann, who observed, accurately, that those who want to see a liberal in the White House must figure out why liberals "can't bring themselves to talk about values." He complained that liberals no longer "lived" their political values—as if there ought to be a connection between one's position on infrastructure and one's character. Another panelist thought that coming up with liberal values required adjusting liberal views on foreign policy. Daniel Yankelovich pointed out that liberals don't sacrifice for their values anymore, by which he meant mostly that they don't go to protest marches. He suggested the values gap could be bridged by getting people involved in "self-interested issues" such as "the nuclear arms race, toxic waste, or child care," or more "worker involvement in jobs."

The astounding premise was that liberalism is something liberals ought to live by. But living one's political opinions—those thousands upon thousands of opinions—is not something one thinks of doing if one has any inkling of more commanding imperatives. And, in fact, in all the discussion of values, indeed throughout the conference, religion was barely mentioned. This bothered Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, a speaker on the values panel, who likened the conference's ignoring religion to the way liberals scorn the Moral Majority. Liberals, she said, think that discussion of religion "is supposed to be inappropriate." Irving Kristol made a similar point, arguing that the neoliberals say silly things about "creating community" among workers without understanding that (a) religion is what creates community, and (b) the workers they are trying to help don't need liberal community because, unlike liberals, they have religion.

Like all liberals, neoliberals fear religion because they fear authority. They remain bound to the philosophical heritage of skepticism, refraining from any assertions that go far beyond the simplest unprocessed facts; any extended chain of moral reasoning risks denunciation as dogma.

In that sense, the cheerfully incoherent empiricism of the neoliberals is a return to liberalism's essence, and the liberal programs they are willing to discard merely the accidents of recent political struggles—accidents which had come uncomfortably close to being dogmas. The true liberal is a compulsive moderate, which is why the neoliberals may be correct to regard themselves as liberalism's rightful heirs.

For the neoliberals to give up the welfare state is, given the liberal tradition, not so hard as it might appear. Mill, after all, commuted happily between libertarianism and socialism. Socialism is an old "issue," and, as Kristol argued, "neos" of any sort are distinguished by their disengagement from the old issues that preoccupied the various "isms." But to accept the intellectual authority of religion, or of any of the pseudo religions of the radicals, would be to reject liberalism's core.

Even without doing so the neoliberals are good company and, more than they are willing to admit, fellow travelers for the Right. But as long as they cling to liberalism's skeptical core, they will be, like Mill in his own day, political village idiots, grasping at every straw, backing every reform, sweetly reasonable as compared to the Right or Left, incomprehensible to both, and finally irrelevant to the struggle between them. □

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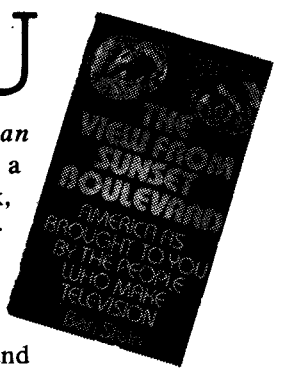

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CURRENT WISDOM

The New Republic

Unassailable testimony of a reassuring nature from Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., the portly paladin who stood by the keyhole:

Then there is the question of [John F.] Kennedy's private life. We live in an age obsessed with sex. It titillates us to know that Jefferson, F.D.R., Eisenhower, Johnson, and Martin Luther King had (or may have had) mistresses. This obsession has bred the *National Enquirer* school of biographers, which includes people like Garry Wills and Ralph Martin, who collect unsubstantiated and unattributed rumors, treat them as if they were indisputable facts, and use them as the basis for a highly speculative character analysis. Every claim by anyone to have slept with John Kennedy is taken as gospel, though if half the claims were true he would have had time for little else. (One scholar has suggested that I write a sequel to *A Thousand Days* and title it *A Thousand Nights.*) As one who worked at the White House throughout the Kennedy years, I can testify that, if anything untoward happened at all, it did not interfere with Kennedy's conduct of the Presidency.

[November 21, 1983]

Rolling Stone

David Stockman's good friend, William Greider, calmly assays a soufflé's attempt to rise twice:

Like other old friends and admirers of George McGovern's, I winced reflexively when the big loser of 1972 announced that he would once again be a candidate for president. McGovern's image as a maladroit politician who voices eccentric ideas is so indelible that his candidacy seems to invite new derision—and, perhaps, more personal pain for a good and gallant man.

I was right about the press reaction—leading cold-war journals like the *Washington Post* couldn't wait to sneer anew. But a morning's conversation with him at his makeshift campaign headquarters on Connecticut Avenue convinced me that McGovern has his head on straight, and that his presence as the seventh Democratic candidate will be a genuine tonic for that party's uninspiring contest.

[November 10, 1983]

The MetroTimes

High culture suffers a tragic blow in greater Detroit as reported in "Detroit's Weekly Publication of News and the Arts":

Public radio in Detroit ain't what it used to be. With the recent cancellation of six additional community-access programs—"Indian to Indian"; "Seminar in Black"; "Sound Projections," a music and commentary program of black music and the arts; "All Together Now," a feminist program; "Another Voice," a gay program; and "Everywhere Music Goes," Station Manager Marvin Granger has signaled what is likely to be the end of public access as a major programming policy at WDET.

Although stunned by the abrupt manner of the cancellation of their programs, volunteer producers of those shows and their supporters moved quickly to form the Committee for Accountability in Public Radio (CAPR) and call a press conference at Wayne State University.

In a prepared statement, the coalition accused station management of incompetence and charged the university and WDET with maintaining "a long-standing policy" of institutional racial and sexual discrimination, while threatening a class-action suit over community control of the station's license (which is held by the Board of Governors of WSU).

[October 19-25, 1983]

The Ann Arbor News

The Hon. Martha Griffiths, Lieutenant Governor of Michigan, reveals the depths of our national moral breakdown:

LANSING—Lt. Gov. Martha Griffiths has charged abortion opponents with "really supporting incest" even as scores of advocates of abortion alternatives gathered for an international convention.

[October 21, 1983]

October 21, 1983

The American Spectator
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Dear Emmett Tyrrell:

Please tell me how we have failed you.

When my exchange copy of *The American Spectator* arrives, I turn first to the department headed "Current Wisdom." I acquired the habit years ago, when you took pains to include each month at least one—and often two or three—items culled from the *Progressive*. It was a comforting monthly affirmation of our effectiveness.

Sometimes, when a disgruntled subscriber accused us of moving too close to the muddled mainstream of American media, I would cite our prominent presence in "Current Wisdom" as evidence that we had kept the faith. Often I was able to note that no other publication was quoted as frequently as ours. To some modest extent, we were even able to raise funds on the strength of your eagerness to reprint from the *Progressive*.

But many months have gone by without a single mention of our magazine. Needless to say, I am crestfallen. Where did we go wrong? Our circulation people tell me they are still sending you the magazine. If no one at *The American Spectator* has the time or inclination to look at it, I will understand, of course. I have had occasion before to comment on a certain lack of breadth in your reading. But if someone *is* reading the *Progressive* but finds it unworthy of inclusion in "Current Wisdom," we obviously need to undertake a drastic editorial overhaul.

Do let me know, please.

Cordially,
Erwin Knoll
Editor, The Progressive

The Detroit Free Press

High quality historiography on George Washington's junta from the enlightened mayor of Detroit, Coleman Young:

Asked about the U.S. invasion of Grenada last week, Young said, "I think we need to think very seriously about whether or not any country or group of countries can go into a sovereign country and overthrow its government because its neighbors don't like that government."

Young, who met former Grenada Prime Minister Maurice Bishop during the slain leader's spring visit to Detroit, compared the situation on the small Caribbean island to events after the American Revolutionary War.

"You know back in 1776, we had a revolution." Young said. "George Washington headed up a junta . . .

"There were some in those days, who said they didn't like the way we were running the country, who thought they should have come over here and taken this government over and overthrown George Washington and put the king back in power," Young said.

"That didn't happen," he said. "But now we find ourselves going into another country because we don't like its government."

[November 1, 1983]

The Catholic Worker

Another New Age theological effort to prove that Yahweh was not as smart as had heretofore been rumored:

One text we hear all too often is "a life for a life, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth" (Ex. 21:24 and Deut. 19:21), but we're not at all sure what it means. In fact, it applies only to two cases, neither of which is murder or any other capital offense. Yet, for some reason, we regularly cite the passage, almost at random, to shore up one side or the other—either as proof positive that killers must be killed, or as a primitive idea whose time has passed. It is interesting to hear how Pinchas Lapide, who lives within Mosaic Law, interprets the commandment: "But the original Hebrew expressly says, 'Give an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.' The command is clearly addressed to the injuring party who must accomplish reparation in the form of compensation by replacing that which was damaged."

[August 1983]

The New York Times

Sepulchral reflections on the long-awaited passing of an obvious fraud from the venerated *Times* of New York:

[The film director Luis Buñuel] said he sought to challenge conventional attitudes about society, undermine bourgeois optimism and force audiences to doubt the tenets of the established order. With characteristic wit and ambiguity, he enjoyed assuring interviewers, "Thank God I'm an atheist."

After nearly a lifetime of regarding the class struggle as society's primary problem, Mr. Buñuel said he had come to believe that the most crucial issue facing mankind was survival. . . . [He] drank a liter of alcohol each day.

[July 31, 1983]

The Chicago Tribune

A local Matthew Arnold lands a critical blow to the solar plexis of a celebrated new film:

The second half of "Porky's II" involves the boys combating a Moral Majority-type who wants to stop the school's production of selected scenes from Shakespeare and blunting an attack on one of their Seminole Indian friends, who has been beaten by local members of the Klan.

Right-wing nuts and Klansmen are serious threats to the personal freedoms guaranteed by our Constitution, but I wonder if the boys' attack in "Porky's II" really is a strong pro-civil liberties statement. The censoring minister and Klansmen in "Porky's II" are all played for broad comic effect.

The worst thing we see anyone of these bad guys do is give a black eye to an Indian. Actually we don't even see that; we only see the Indian boy lying on the ground having been beaten, not the attack itself.

In other words, the Klan and the censor in "Porky's II" are comic-book villains. How much more provocative the film would be if it took both its sex comedy and its villains seriously. Why not show us a Klan lynching or a book burning or books being taken out of the school library?

But, no, that would be too controversial for pablum, such as "Porky's II," in which everything—the good and the evil—has a goofy smile on its face.

[June 27, 1983]

The New York Times

On the esteemed *New York Times* oped page, more self-dramatization from an intellectualoid of the New Age, namely Mr. Mark Gerzon, "president of Mediators Productions, Inc., which specializes in films about critical social issues." Do you suppose Goebbels ever ran such an operation?

CONCORD, Mass.—"Dad, what's the biggest kind of bomb?," my 9-year-old son asked me. And I wondered: At what age should parents expose children to the realities of nuclear war? Tonight, with the broadcast of "The Day After," parents will have to decide whether their children should be encouraged, allowed or forbidden to watch the suffering and destruction that the film depicts.

The question divides neighbors, teachers, even couples. After my wife and I screened the film, for example, she concluded that our son should be forbidden to watch it, as should all children under the age of 12. I concluded that he is old enough to watch it, if he wants to and if we watch and discuss it with him.

Our disagreement typifies the complexity of caring in a nuclear age.

[November 20, 1983]

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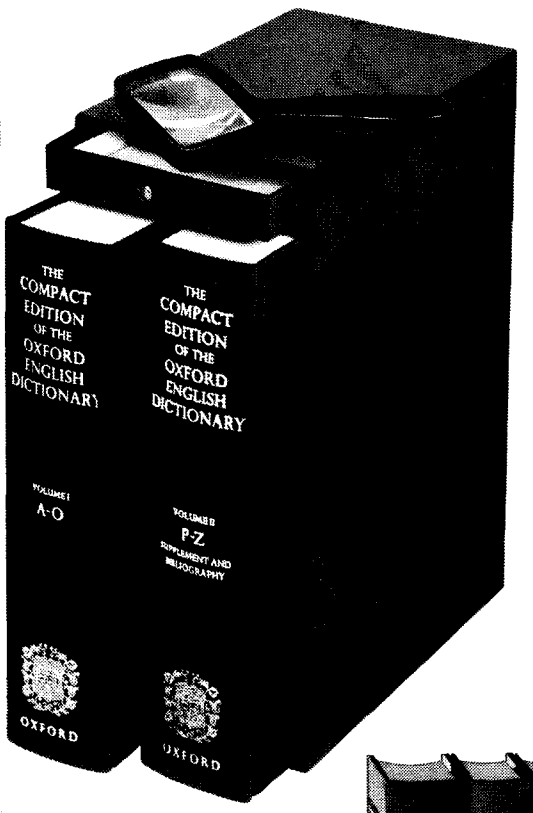

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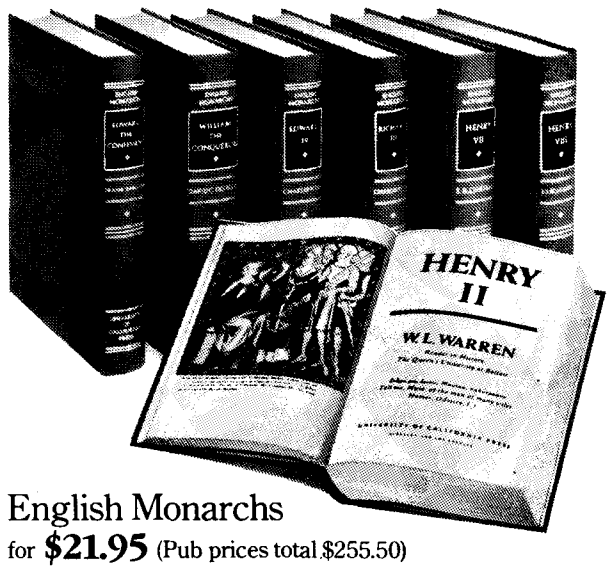

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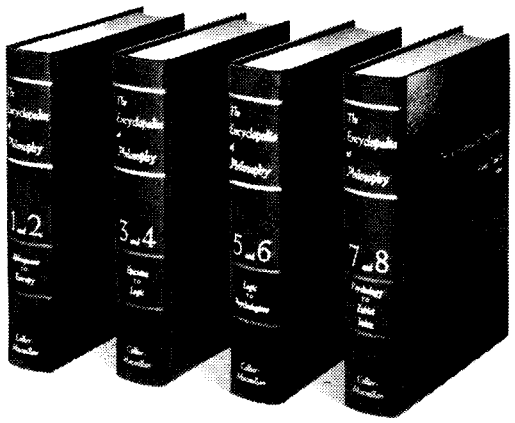

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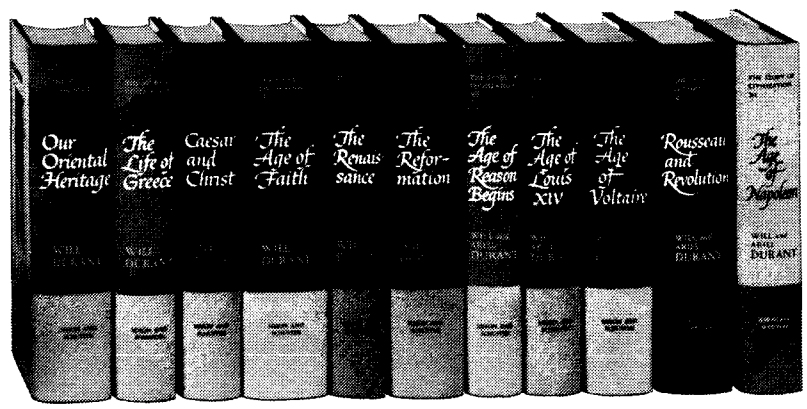

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